
THE
BUSY BODY;
A
COLLECTION
OF
PERIODICAL ESSAYS.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE

BUSY BODY

COLLECTION

OF

PERIODICALS

IN TWO VOLUMES

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THE
BUSY BODY;
A
COLLECTION
OF
PERIODICAL ESSAYS,

Moral, Whimsical, Comic, and Sentimental,

BY
MR. OULTON,

AUTHOR OF SEVERAL FUGITIVE PIECES.

VOL. I.

My PEN's my own, my Will is free,
And so shall be my THOUGHTS,
No mortal Man shall HIDE FROM ME,
I'LL FIND OUT ALL HIS FAULTS.

A PARODY.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR C. STALKER, STATIONERS-COURT,
LUDGATE STREET.

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COLLECTION

PERIODICALS

THE JOURNAL OF THE

MR. O. U. L. F. G. M.

AUTHOR OF SEVERAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS

BY

VOL. 1



BY HIS GRACE

THE BUSY BODY, ^{AND} RESPECTFULLY
DUKE OF BEDFORD,

never have intruded upon them this col-
lection of Essays, ^{which} were first pro-
duced in the year 1783, but on account
COLLECTION,

of the alterations of several of them
in daily and monthly publications, in
1783, and in the year 1784, and in the year 1785,
PERIODICAL ESSAYS,

which were first published in the year 1783,
and in the year 1784, and in the year 1785,
THE BUSY BODY, CALLED

The BUSY BODY,
is,
With every due Respect,

Humbly Inscribed,

By His GRACE's

Most obedient Servant,

WALLEY CHAMBERLAIN OULTON:

Advertisement.

THE Busy Body most respectfully informs the Public, that he would never have intruded upon them this collection of Essays, which were first produced in the year 1787, but on account of the after-insertions of several of them in daily and monthly publications, in such a mutilated manner, as totally to eclipse what little merit they might have contained. The Busy Body confesses he has made some alterations in a few of the beginning numbers, but hopes the lateness of the date will be sufficient assurance, that nothing is aimed at the present times.

March 23d,
1789.

* * The reader is requested to overlook some trifling errors in the orthography, and other evident mistakes. Vol. 2. p. 143, l. 5, for *obscurity* read *obscenity*, &c.

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BUSY BODY.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 2. 1787. N. L.

*My pen's my own, my will is free,
And so shall be my thoughts;
No mortal man shall hide from me,
I'll find out all his faults.*

EVERY writer of a periodical publication, which I am about commencing, has been already deemed a *Busy Body* by those strange and unaccountable characters, who may justly apprehend the exposition of their own frailties; but that every such writer *should be* a *Busy Body* is the reason why I have
thus

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Ln

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thus voluntarily assumed the name, and wishing the lowest capacity to understand my intentions, have given it the preference of many: besides, though the character of a Busy Body is looked upon with contempt, and generally spoken of in terms of reproach, I am willing to prove that a *body* may be *busy*, without being either impertinent, or officious.

It is customary with some of our modern authors to extend every introduction to such a voluminous size as to be almost as large as the work itself. Not many days ago, having taken up a book, the name of which, out of compassion to both publisher and author I think proper to conceal. I perceived, besides an *occasional* address to the reader and the editor's advertisement, a dedication about
twenty-

THE BUSY BODY. 3

twenty-four pages long, which was in duodecimo, a sheet; I naturally concluded that the author expected so much *per line* from his very *worthy* and *illustrious* patron, or that, by desire of the bookseller it was done, to *swell the work*. I confess, that tho' for a moment it provoked a smile, it also excited my derision; in like manner I saw a very elaborate and tedious preface to an English grammar, wherein the writer took all the pains possible to boast of his conciseness, and the *brevity of the work*. But not willing to adopt these customary methods, I will use no further introductory measures, than the few following lines, merely to inform the reader of my plan and intentions.

THE BUSY BODY.

Three times a week, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, I will make my public appearance; during the preceding days I mean to make all my useful discoveries. No character, be it serious, comic, or strange, shall escape my notice, thereby, tho' the odds are exceedingly against me, I hope to please the grave, the gay, and the difficult. I will be busy for subjects and concise in my narratives. Vice in every character shall meet a just reprehension, and virtue, be it humble or exalted, a due reward. Every subject, political excepted, shall be severally and regularly considered, and it being the part of a Busy Body to rove about for information, there shall be no coffee-house, no theatre, no place of any sort, which, if I can possibly squeeze my nose in them, I will not frequent.

THE BUSY BODY.

frequent. Nor while I thus pay my visits, will I be less anxious to receive visitors; the evenings I will appropriate to the reception of my company, so that all favours from correspondents will be then read, and either inserted or returned.

Thus gentle reader, I have, in a very laconic manner, submitted my plan to your consideration, and as well for the completion of number one, as the prevention of future mistakes, I will here inform you how many sorts of Busy Bodies there are, and what I am *not*.

The *silly* Busy Body is that officious restless mortal, who is continually employed about trifles, and gives himself wonderful pains for unnecessary ends;

THE BUSY BODY.

there are many sorts of these beings among us. I have been out of all patience at seeing a poor unhappy simpleton lose a whole week to find out the reason why a certain landlord added four feet to the wall of his garden, and being at last informed that it was to prevent future robberies, he was if possible still more uneasy to know when the landlord was attacked, and how much he had lost; another instance of this foolish officiousness not long ago presented itself; being always prone to scribble, and generally accustomed to subscribe W C O to each fugitive piece, a signature I thought by no means stranger than A B C, or X Y Z, and which I continued for some time, till at length I perceived it at the end of many productions, the merit of which I could not claim; however,

to

THE BUSY BODY. 7

to make my story short, and more pleasant, I was, by one of those *silly Busy Bodies*, addressed in the following manner:

" Sir,

" I have puzzled my brains for four hours

" and more,

" And not a bit wiser than I was before,

" To see, sir, if I could but find out your name;

" To know it, indeed, was but only my aim;

" W stands for Walker, and William, I know;

" C for Campbell, for Christopher, Charles

" also;

" O stands for the title of Ovid, its true,

" But then I don't think, sir, that Ovid will do,

" For in all the verses of yours that I read,

" The subject of love has not enter'd your

" head;

" I'm curious I own, after all cannot see

" How W C O will ever agree.

" If you purpose again to write on a theme,

" Forgive me for asking, pray what is your

" name?

N. D.

THE BUSY BODY

These lines to an anonymous author, were certainly, I must think, a strong proof of silly curiosity, and imagining them to proceed from very shallow brains, I was provoked to write him the following answer:

" To N. D.

" Pray what is my name, fir, and what's that
" to you?"

" In W C O is there any thing new?

" Four hours you took, Sir, the meaning to see,

" I took but four minutes to find out N D.

" N stands for *Ninny*, what a *Ninny* are you,

" Who could not find out something else, fir,
" to do;

" D stands for a *Dunce*, (will you pardon the
" thought?)

" What a *Dunce* is the man who labours for
" nought;

" Now W C O, since incog every letter,

" Advise *Ninny Dunce* to go study them better."

As

THE BUSY BODY.

As therefore the character of a silly Busy Body is trifling and insipid, I will not have to drop it, observing that as such a man is always busy about nothing, I hope to be the exact contrast, by employing my time for something.

The *mischievous* Busy Body is a dangerous character; put a reputation in his power and heaven knows how long unmurdered it will remain. Gall and envy lurk in the bottom of his heart, slander and falsity are ready at the tongue's end. Is there a fault committed? he enlarges it. Is there none? then guilt is contrived;—poor Matilda, whom her cruel inexorable parents were about joining to an old officious wicked wretch, fled from her father and mother to avoid their severity; her intended spouse im-

ni B 5 mediately

to THE BUSY BODY.

mediately reported that Miss ran away with a married man, and, thank his stars! he had a happy fiddance; by the interference of a benevolent aunt, Matilda was reinstated in her parents favour, and having made a choice of her own was permitted to be happy. This indulgence was ample compensation for the late cruelty; but the discarded gallant, resolving to interrupt her happiness, informed her favourite lover, by an anonymous letter, that Matilda, during her late elopement, was kept by a captain; this stratagem, however, did not succeed, for the young gentleman disregarded all vague assertions; they were married; the inflamed Busy Body now informed Matilda, by another anonymous scrole, that her husband was married before, and had a surviving wife
in

THE BUSY BODY. 11

in ———. Though *he* was above credulity, yet *she*, not possessing so much fortitude, was severely stung at the assertion; what were the consequences? — the letter, after much anxiety, was shewn to the husband, who, upon producing the other, written in a similar hand and style, and to the same tendency, was not only convinced of his wife's innocence, but confirmed his own. It was not long till a discovery of the author took place; for being still busy in the propagation of false reports, having to his male acquaintances slandered the husband, and the wife to the ladies, by an assembly at the couple's house, the offender was soon discovered and severely chastized. My readers, I am sure, must shudder at this character; but when they are informed that even among women we may

finds Mrs. Slander, or a Lady Backbite, how much greater their detestation must be ! far be it from me to imitate these mischievous characters ; sooner would I burn my paper, and forswear the pen, than by the admittance of any base, invective, or foul personality, wound the peace of an honest individual !

The *impertinent* Busy Body is one of those little flippant sort of gentlemen that loves to hear himself talk, and see himself meddle ; he interrupts all serious conversation by unnecessary observations, kicks up a riot by way of sport, and is generally kicked himself by way of reprehension ; he creates a deal of mischief, but quite different from the former ; for when the lady of the house tyes up her monkey, then, to let it free, unknown

to

THE BUSY BODY. 13

to her, in glorious sport; to put a favourite bason in its way, and have it broken by Master Pugg, is a devilish good joke. "It was not his fault, he did not break it"; but that is not all, he has frequently pinn'd some written nonsense to the back of his aunt, and made her the laughing stock of the whole street, when a ballad singer has been entertaining a large circle of strangers with a new song, or the melancholy end of two lovers, our hero has purchased a pennyworth of twine for the pleasure of joining the outside company together, so that the ditty is presently interrupted by the loud screams and exclamations of Sally This, and John That. I would forgive this frolic, but when he perseveres in unseasonable jokes, and strives to frighten the servants at night with a powdered

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powdered face, and long sheet, I am always afraid the scene will become serious; it shall be my care, however, as long as I am a Busy Body, to avoid frightful stories.

The *harmless* Busy Body is a very good-natur'd soul, but thro' an anxious desire of obliging his friends, very often commits egregious mistakes, and incurs general displeasure; when we should pity, we are apt to upbraid, and when forgive to chastize;—with the following story of a poor harmless Busy Body I will conclude my present number. Jack Hurry's cousin was to be married to a lord; the thoughts of a title not only delighted him, but the infatuated parents, who having one day prevailed upon their daughter to say yes, a messenger was to be

THE BUSY BODY. 13

He dispatched to the intended husband; Jack would not let them stay till morning; it was too long, he would wait upon his lordship himself. The father sat down to write a letter to him; the mother, not to lose time, was writing another to her jeweller, to bespeak the most valuable diamonds for her daughter's wedding. Poor Jack's patience was exhausted. The letters were just finished, when the servant informed them that Miss was exceedingly ill; a pretended illness to escape the wedding; the father and mother ran to her relief, but Jack, more eager and busy, remained behind, folded up both letters, and after sealing them, began their directions; how unfortunate! midst his officiousness and hurry, he directs the lord's letter to the jeweller, and the jeweller's to his

his lordship. Away then he goes, and not to lose time, delivers them himself. The jeweller reads the father's letter with astonishment, surprised to find that his daughter is become exceedingly fond of him, and begs he will lose no time to complete her happiness; he thinking the devil has possessed them all, communicates the letter to his wife, who, becoming immediately jealous and enraged, flies away unknown to her husband to tear out the eyes of Mr. ———, Mrs. ———, and their daughter. His lordship, upon perusal of the mother's letter, finds that her daughter must have diamonds to the amount of several pounds before marriage, fashionable pins, fashionable rings, fashionable buckles, &c. and if he disappointed her, that he would incur the displeasure of her whole family,

family, and never be forgiven; by this fatal mistake, his lordship immediately sends word that he has changed his mind, and begs leave to decline the marriage; for a lady, he thought, that would involve him in so much extravagance before marriage, must be guilty of the greatest prodigality after; thus, by Master Jack's officious assiduity, there is a termination at once put to the wedding. Happy, indeed, for the young lady, she has lost the lord and title; for having now the leave of her disappointed parents to provide for herself, she leads a life more tranquil and serene. The foregoing sketch may convince my readers that I am fully aware of the many characters of Busy Bodies, which I must avoid, and hope, by unremitting pains, to make necessary discoveries, and with the earliest

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communications, gratify my readers, proving, that a *good* Busy Body is highly essential to society, especially when he “holds the mirror up to nature” and “shoots folly as it flies.”

THURSDAY, JAN. 4th, 1787. N^o II.

Words, Words, Words.

HAMLET.

MY readers may at first be surprised at the strangeness of my motto, and expect perhaps, a high flown dissertation upon some *wordy* subject; but the Busy Body is no such *wordy* man, nor can the reader's astonishment continue long when he understands that *puffing* is the subject of the present number. What are *puffs* but *words*? a meer train of airy, empty,

THE BUSY BODY. 19

empty, flattering, panegyric, but what is worse, *deceitful* words ! sorry I am to remark, that the art of puffing is now become so common, no publication whatever can be sold without it. But it is not in publishing only that puffing is made use of. See every little paltry shop, and you may read in large conspicuous letters : **THE CHEAPEST SHOP IN ALL LONDON.**

I have beheld no less than six apothecary's shops, between Holborn, and Aldgate Street, who have thus puff'd away ; and I dare say that an ounce of any thing is the same price as elsewhere, even in the cheapest, of these cheapest shops ; but I do not mean to confine this remark to apothecaries only : *vide*, perfumers, shoemakers, &c. &c. but particularly

ticularly taylor's, who never fail to *cut* their *cloth* to the best advantage.

These suggestions occurred upon the receipt of the following letter on this subject: which being meant as a *friendly* one, and will undoubtedly lead to further remarks, I shall accordingly insert, but must previously beg my correspondent's pardon for peremptorily declining his advice.

To the Busy Body.

SIR,

Your undertaking is very praise-worthy indeed, but I think you have not introduced yourself in a manner sufficiently pompous to engage the public attention. The title of *Busy Body* is very well, and conveys some pleasant ideas; but

THE HUSBYBODDY. 21

but you should have struck out some thing more *striking* to have caught the eye. You should have expatiated upon the merits of your assistants: their wit, sense, breeding, with the grand motto, *Multum in parvo*.

It is certainly a fact, that *puffing* is the best mode of recommendation in the world: when the buyer seeks the worth of the commodities he is about to purchase, the seller must be sure to tell *double* their value, by which means the purchaser swallows the lie, the other devours the emolument; and both in the end are perfectly satisfied. This, Mr. Busy Body, I know by experience; I have dealt in lottery tickets, and assure you I have sold all my numbers by *puffing*. If English, I recommended them in preference

of

THE MUSY BODDY.

of the Irish, and *if* Irish, I discovered all the inconveniencies of the English; I made my *dumb* lyons, *dumb* cats, &c. tell the giddy multitude (by papers hanging from their mouths,) "Nothing venture, nothing have," so *they ventured* and *I had*—" Fortune favours the " brave," and my *brave* animals brought me *brave* customers, to whom your *brave* humble servant sold the twenty thousand pound prize, above *twenty thousand* times. But I am not the only puffer; I appeal to any of your correspondents. Is there a courtier among them? if he be rich and successful, he may rail against all advantageous terms, but when he was *out*, I engage he promised, flattered, swore, embellished, lied, and made as great a noise as any *out*-hero of them all, now that he is *in*, there is no occasion

for

THE BUSY BODY.

for words, and less for *actions*; can any doctor deny there is no puffing in divinity; what are all the sanctified looks and borrowed solemnity? *Puffing, my brethren.* What are all the texts and sermons? *puffing, my brethren;* from the old manuscripts he had lately purchased for the good of his flock. It must certainly be allowed there is much puffing in the army; how many *Babadils* and *Bluffs* will brag of the brave deeds they never saw nor did? honor is the puffing word, and when military gentlemen meet about honor, it generally concludes in a *puff* of a pistol; then honor is perfectly satisfied, and there is no harm done. Every lover knows that puffing is highly essential in amours; how often he falls at the feet of his divine Dulcinea, and breathes such rhapsodical soft nonsense,

senti-

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sentimental orations, now freezing, then burning, now dying, then in extacy, as soon conquers the easy, the *beglattered* maid, who thinks herself greater than her sex, and her lover better than he is. Lawyers are very great friends to puffing; they are so *puff'd up* with wigs and gowns that the poor clients are soon *puff'd out* of their money. Our apothecaries know the good effects of the puffing art; while their patients, who read about their cures and dispatch, are soon *dispatched* and *cured* of all their worldly ailments; in like manner the quacks; how many, *who were past recovery*, they have cured, and how many *incurable* disorders they have removed. Surely Mr. Busy Body, when *they* can lie and kill by authority, you should have a patent for *killing* tedious hours. Poets, according

to

to modern rules, must puff, and if every one declared his abilities before they were *seen*, they might succeed better: this is evident by the many encomiums upon works *not yet published*. Doubtless, the theatrical managers will confess how they are obliged to puff; for by so doing every new play that was violently hissed *was received with distinguished applause*, all abominated pieces are repeated by *particular desire*, and empty benches *are overflowing houses*. My fellow-citizens are too well acquainted with the noble art to require illustrations; they understand why and how *bats, powder, &c.* are sold *with stamps included*. I pray you then, Mr. Busy Body, improve upon these hints: it behoves you in every number to tell the public how your paper sells; what a considerable sale; your thanks

C

accord-

accordingly, requesting a continuance of favours; this may be deemed by sages *fumus ex igne*; but as there can be no smoke without some fire, of course puffing must have some merit. I expect, Mr. Busy Body, in a few days to see the second, fourth, sixth, &c. (as the *third, fifth, &c.* are generally omitted) editions of your first number; nothing more easy; no matter how few of the first impression are sold; some new title-pages can be struck off. I have known it frequently done, and several panegyrics added, for which the readers were refer'd to the reviews, but as no *particular* review was ascertained, we might suppose it in the Monthly, Critical, English, &c. Indeed I have seen a very great character to a book, but very

THE BUSY BODY. 27

very different from what the Latin word *vide* refer'd to, getting to the point of business. I can recommend you, Mr. Busy Body, a very ingenious puff-writer; his terms are exceedingly moderate; only two shillings for a dozen lines, and so on in proportion; they have less appearance of lies than any; he writes I dare say, for a very famous bookseller now in London, who publishes a variety of novels, &c. You may often read in some of these puffs, fifty guineas reward for the discovery of any person who says Mr. L, or A, or N, or E, &c. does not give proper encouragement to merit, tho' all the poor scribblers of the age can vouch to the contrary; also a letter of thanks to *Matilda* for her ingenious Manuscripts, which shall be shortly published, &c.

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&c. &c. &c. Should I enumerate the various methods of puffing, I would, no doubt, Mr. Busy Body, fill your second number; but *verbum Sapienti*: I shall offer you a few lines myself, which, if now and then you send as advertisements to the paper will no doubt encrease the sale of your undertaking.

“ Many are the enquiries making
“ about the Busy Body; some say it is
“ the production of Lord ———, but
“ that is impossible, the work is too
“ good:—not one of the first number to
“ be had for any money.

“ It was reported last night that the
“ Busy Body was in Covent Garden
“ Theatre, of course a critique on the
“ new

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“ new play is expected in the third
“ number.

“ Certainly the character of *Hurry*, as
“ mentioned in that *valuable miscellany*,
“ the *Busy Body*, is meant for B. W.
“ of Oxford Street;—the allusion is very
“ happy.

“ There are no less than fifteen hun-
“ dred female subscribers to the *Busy*
“ *Body*; every lady at breakfast has it;
“ the gentlemen are equally attached to
“ it; all say it is a most incomparable
“ work.

“ An extract from the *Busy Body*—
and here about two pages of the best
number must follow.

" AN ADVERTISEMENT.

" Any bookseller, author, &c. that
 " pirates a number, or part thereof of
 " the Busy Body, for a newspaper, ma-
 " gazine, or any other publication,
 " without the leave of the editor, shall
 " be immediately prosecuted. The *se-*
 " *venth* edition of the first number will
 " be published next Tuesday. The
 " editor is very sorry it has been *so long*
 " *out of print*, but an accident prevented
 " an earlier appearance. **ENTERED**
 " **AT STATIONERS HALL.**"

If these hints, Mr. Busy Body, will
 be of any service to you, I will deem
 myself amply compensated for my trou-
 ble, and that your work may extend to a
 million

million of numbers is the sincere prayer
of your

Humble Servant

SQUIB.

I thank Mr. Squib for all his hints,
tho' I cannot in conscience adopt one.
I despise the art of puffing, and will
forthwith give my reasons, at the same
time endeavour to point out to my brother
writers such measures as may rescue
merit from obscurity, but abolish the
above practise.

To puff or not to puff,—that is the
question,—and now for the arguments.

It must be naturally supposed that the
public since so much accustomed to it,
will *smell* a puff, and if these self-enco-

miums are apparent, where then are their utility? for my part, I think that a work thus puffed and flattered, must disgust the sensible before they read it. If there be merit, no publisher or author can be blamed for quoting the reviewers opinions, and advertising conspicuously, but not pompously, for all this can be done without fulsome panegyrics, and unmeaning paragraphs; it is certainly a fact, that merit will always speak for itself, at least when the public are induced to read it.

By way of recommending a book, it is usual to say in a puff, *written in imitation of Fielding, Shenstone, Tristram Shandy, &c.* but is this recommending? no, copies are in general so very poor, that they not only disgrace themselves,
but

but their originals. A writer who says, written in a *style of my own* is certainly more likely to succeed; the Busy Body would be very sorry if the public expected any of the Spectator, Tatler, Mirror, &c. in his works; to be sure he must now and then write upon *old* subjects, but hopes in a *new* manner, for the more novelty he can introduce, the greater is certainly his claim to merit.

How many have been the imitations of poor Tristram Shandy, but with no effect, for the great thing which enhanced the value of that truly laughable work, was the originality of style, and as no copiers can have that claim, they must be very inferior in merit.

It is well known that authors, poets, and dramatists, have written various critiques upon their own pieces. This puffing, to be sure, is novel, and less noticeable. It is not to be supposed that an author will abuse his own work for the pleasure of defending it hereafter, and thus by alternate abuses and defences, all in different names, excite public curiosity, and make the publication sell. These authors, I must say, have merit in one respect; they know their own faults, and are ready to acknowledge them. But abuse is become quite common now in puffing, all through the idea of exciting public curiosity, so that two of a trade can be very great enemies in the newspapers, and contentedly sit down and abuse one another with the most venomous scurrility. Each calls his brother a pirate,

pirate, a stealer of his own property, and begs the public to witness it, that is, begs the public to deal with both and *se*, which is the greater scoundrel; by these means the profits are mutual, and the *enemies* can take a bottle of wine, together in a private, *friendly* manner. I must confess that by this mode of puffing, the public are greatly imposed upon.

To abolish this vaunting ridiculous custom is the chief intention of the Busy Body. But he is very conscious that the practice will continue as long as it is encouraged; in hopes therefore that the public will make it a rule, to overlook every thing that is ushered into the world with puffs, he has devoted this number to a serious treatise upon them, and at the same time informs his readers that he

will endeavour to prove himself one of the writers of the age who scorns to make use of it.

Let it not be however supposed that encomiums of every kind I deem improper. Merit should always have its due; and I have been myself very ready, as far as my feeble lays would permit me, to commend many authors and actors without ever knowing them. But there is a manner in doing this properly, for when *overdone* I think it productive of more harm than good. Mrs. Inchbald is a good comic writer, but if I said she had the wit of Congreve I should *flatter* her. Mr. Kemble is a good actor, and has great judgment, but if I said he was a second Garrick I should *puff* him.

SATURDAY,

SATURDAY, JAN. 6. 1787. N^o III.

*A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring.*

POPE.

THE following letters received from different correspondents, which form, I think, a seeming contrast, I will give, with a few of my own observations, for the present number.

To the Busy Body.

SIR,

You are a man of letters I presume, and as such I address you; happy indeed that I have any one of tolerable understanding, to whom I may freely communicate my thoughts on a subject, which has given me much private uneasiness;

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easiness: you must-know, fir, I am in the literary line, and am always glad to associate with the most respectable of my fraternity; of course there are many expressions, which being used both in conversation and writings, are very offensive, at least to me; for as the amateurs of music must be extremely hurt at the discordant sound of an imperfect note, so a false concord, or any other grammatical error is equally grating to mine ears. I hope, therefore, while addressing you I have found a *body* that will be *busy*, for the sake of propriety of language, and adherence to grammar, and that these many errata which our ancient and modern writers have been guilty of, too shameful to be seen, and too glaring to be thought typographical, may now be totally abolished.

I have

I have made a remark that our English language, on account of the multiplicity of S'S is sometimes very unharmonious; but our writers, notwithstanding the rules of grammar seem partial to this discordance. I will only beg leave to observe, for example, that the *present* is too often used for the *conditional* mood. A brother-schoolmaster, in one of his grammars, gave the following rule, but in the giving was guilty of the very error. Says he, "if a conjunction of condition, &c. *precedes*, (for *precede*) the verb; the verb should be in the conditional mood." The bible is the only ancient writing where this grammatical precision is throughout observed: *if thy right hand offend thee, &c. If I be, and if he be, &c. &c.* but to show the wonderful partiality for S'S I will

next

next observe a fault which is familiar to almost every author, particularly novel-ones, who, whenever they are telling a story between the first and third persons generally begin with *cries* *be*, to which *she* returns, and then SAYS I, &c. I SAYS, is very pretty grammar indeed! and yet, I am sorry to see it too often; but I have remarked the second person equally abused, for I am sure *you* WAS, (though extremely disagreeable to any delicate ear) is frequently used instead of *you* WERE.

A very learned friend of mine said, upon seeing *errata* Englished to *erratum*s, that it was an English-latin-singular-plural word, and with the same propriety he may call MEMORANDUMS, EFFLUVIUMS, &c. so; but by the constancy

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fancy of their being thus written, we forget they are Latin words; indeed my friend Richardson, and some few have been the only persons who have made *memoranda*, &c. of them.

This Mr. Busy Body may give you a hint of the errors which even our modern authors are guilty of; when I say *authors*, I mean both male and female; for I don't understand *authoresses*; is not *author*, an author, in Latin, *hic et hæc*, the common of two; why then this addition for the sake of S'S? Cannot a woman, as well as man be a slanderer, murderer, back-biter, &c. &c. without making such *tooth-breaking* words, *slanderefs*, *murderefs*, *back-biterefs*, &c. but *these* words, you will say are *not* used; and surely they may with the same propriety of *authorefs*,
&c.

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&c. A few days ago I perceived over a shop, the names of two ladies, to which was added, in large, large letters, GLOVERESSES. I could not help exclaiming in a poetic vein

What? *Esses!* oh, well done my pretty lassie,
I'll change the E to A, and call you *Asses*.

I went on further, in hopes to see *fruiteresses, butcheresses, &c.* but particularly *millineresses*, to distinguish the female from the *gentle-men* of that profession.

For many corruptions of our English language, we are indebted to those persons, who, aiming at elegance of expression, and grandeur of words, by having a smattering of one language and another (though never a perfect knowledge

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ledge of any) anglicize the phrases we have borrow'd from Latin, and metamorphose several of the English. There are, also, many writers in the world, who, by a pomposity of style, and putting several words into italics, which contain neither sting nor humour, confound the readers, and make us often mistake a panegyric for a satire. For who that reads, "Mr. K—— of Hay Market" "*was very great in the Country Attorney*" would not suppose that, his greatness, being *italics*, was either an *irony*, or *fun*?

I shall now observe a few improprieties in speaking, and hope (as I am very sure you will give this an insertion) that my readers will, for the future, be more on their guard.

When

When about changing my lodgings and in search of others, a young lady, who has been, no doubt, at a boarding school, told me her mama had *READY* furnished lodgings to lett. I was sometime considering, if lodgings furnished could be *unready*; but, not being able to reconcile this contradiction, have ever since thought it a very erroneous saying.

What a shameful thing it is for any person to aim at a word, which either they do not understand, or cannot comprehend: a lady once told me, while she was commending the poetic abilities of her daughter, that her little Sally was reckoned one of the *literati*: I smiled, and supposed the lady meant *literata*.
“ Oh no, cried she, the word is *literati*,
“ I can show you in the writings of the
first

“first authors, I will refer you to the
 “ingenious Mr. W——, he belongs
 “to a club of that name.” “but madam
 “the club consist of gentlemen not
 “ladies:” however, the poor woman
 could not see the impropriety. Another
 time, a gentleman informed me, that he
 had made a *tower* all over Italy. “In-
 “deed, added I, your *building* must
 “have been very extensive.”—“Oh,
 “you don’t comprehend me, I mean,
 “fir, a—a *journey*—a *journey*.”

Another asked me, if I had seen the
 lines in the paper, which he had written
extempore. I own, I was curious to
 know how verses could be written so.
 Lines, thought I, may be recited *ex-*
tempore, sermons preached *extempore*,
 but, how can any thing written *be* so?—

“Why”

"Why" cried he, (prefacing his reply, which is very customary with the query *why*) I wrote them without studying. This I told him was writing *improvisu*, with ease, but not *extempore*; for the *time of writing* takes away, *EXTEMPORE*, from the time the words enter the head, and nothing written before it is, off-hand repeated *can* be extempore. He thanked me for my amendment, and went off to make it immediately.

Many by the way of being *genteel*, prefer *shall* and *should* to the words *will* and *would*, and thus confound the sense, when (for certainly it must be very obvious,) the latter implies our inclination and a tendency to something, but *shall* and *should* are imperative and indicative of obedience; yet, how often we hear,

" I

“ I *shall* be very happy to see you, you
 “ *will* be always welcome; I *should*
 “ think myself very ungrateful if I *should*
 “ not acknowledge my obligations, &c.”
 Oh, wounded sense ! “ I *will* be ruined,
 “ *will* be undone, &c.” certainly im-
 ply an inclination to be ruined and un-
 done. “ What *will* I do ? ” is a very
 strange question to put to a friend ; for
 can any resolve what another *will* do ?
 yet, in a soliloquy, when a person is
 supposed to be arguing with himself,
 it may be proper.

Pray, ladies, what is the use of a
 handkerchief ? is it not for the hand to
 use upon occasions ? and why do you
 call a *kerchief* for the neck, a neck-*band-*
kerchief too ? so when you take it from
 your neck and apply it to your head,
 then,

then, ladies, you may call it a head-neck-hand-kerchief by the same rule.

I was *corrected* some time ago by a very self-sufficient man, for saying a *dead corpse*; but where the impropriety? (tho' some of our English dictionaries have in their explanations given *corpse*, because of the added letter E, for a carcase, dead body, &c. yet I deny it; the bible, Shakespeare, &c. will confirm my words? "Behold in the morning they were all *dead corpses*," and in Hamlet's address to his father's ghost we read,

"What may this mean?

"That thou *dead* corse again in complete steel,
 "Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 "Making night hideous."

Corse and corpse we must all allow to be the same, as poets, for the sake of sound,

dumb with his pen; his critiques on the theatre are admirable; so great his penetration, not even a Garrick could escape his censure, were he denied the freedom of the house; his service to the paper extends still further: his paragraphs are all of the newest kind, the style truly comic; and he can propagate a duel, or tell a story of a murder in such a *neat* manner, that the unsuspecting reader must certainly believe it.

Such was the character of Mr. Gransbury's associate; Clarinda for awhile wondered that one of his family and fortune would live with such a man; but when she recollected that these sort of scribblers are more countenanced and supported than real wits, her wonder subsided; besides, Mr. Loveit was of

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essential service to Gransbury, which none but himself was aware of.

There being now a whist party complete, Mrs. Harlowe introduced cards; Clarinda and Gransbury were partners, while the old woman and Mr. Loveit play'd together and won; the gentlemen, as it were among themselves, to all appearance play'd high; yet Gransbury managed his cards so abominably ill, that Clarinda thought, like her and her mother, they were playing *for nothing*, while Mrs. Harlowe supposed it was all a design to try the temper of her child.

Mr. Gransbury becoming more familiar with Clarinda, attempted conversation, but fell very short of the character

rafter Lady Bell had given him ; his and Mr. Loveit's anecdotes were certainly remarkable, the one for their insignificance, the other for being marvellous.

" Pon my life, cried Gransbury at the conclusion of a game, I held four by honors twice running at the Duke of ——— and he! he! he! I won the game."

If Mrs. Harlowe, as frequently she did, made any humourous remarks on what he said, the ignorant Gransbury would turn about and cry, " Well said, madam, pon my life, you are very *humourfome* ;" thus, meaning to compliment, he would, by an obsolete word, tell her downright she was a whimsical, capricious woman ; many similar errors

poor Gransbury was guilty of, but his friend would turn them all off, by saying "you mean so and so, and a slip of the tongue is no fault of the mind."

Several evenings passed on in this heavy disagreeable manner, while Miss Harlowe's aversion to her new guests, was encreased by every visit; her mother thought as his family was good, and there was such an appearance of affluence, that Clarinda and he might be very happy together; she imputed his awkwardness to overcoming modesty, and imagined this seeming ignorance proceeded more from inexperience of the world than of books,

Gransbury however, to prove he was not that ignoramus which poor Clarinda supposed,

supposed, took an opportunity of putting some verses into her hands, and told her they were a few *extempore* lines which he had *studied* that morning.

Curiosity induced the young lady to accept them; she read them to her mother, and both approved of them much; this was attended with more; at last, a *prose* letter upon love concluded all.

Miss Harlowe having suffered too much already for her credulity, was resolved not to sacrifice prudence again; her mother was pleased with the letter, and thought it better written than the generality of love-letters are; but she advised her daughter to act from better council than hers; Clarinda therefore resolved to have Lady Bell's opinion; her

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ladyship pleading indisposition, could not wait upon her, but requested the pleasure of Clarinda's company to her house.

Miss Harlowe returned no answer to Mr. Gransbury yet; she seem'd to think it was all a frolic, and meeting Mr. Loveit, begg'd him in an humourous manner, to moderate the diversion of his friend, "or added she, if he has a mind
"to continue his mirth, pray let him
"address his letters to my mother, or
"some one else."

Mr. Loveit, however, pleaded the situation of his friend in such an eloquent manner, that Miss Harlowe, with no little reason, suspected him to be the author of either or both the poetry and letter;
resolving

resolving however, to consult with her friend, and take her advice, she gave Mr. Loveit no definitive answer.

Appropriating one evening to his occasional visit, she was received by Lady Bell with all the cordiality of friendship, and without much ceremony, for true friendship seldom uses any; Miss Harlowe imparted her free opinion of Gransbury.

“I cannot, (she cried) think him
“that sensible, amiable man, your ladyship was pleased to call him.”

“Then interrupted Lady Bell, he is
“a deceitful insinuating creature, for I
“assure you, my dear, when I was in his

“company; I thought him the most
“amiable, the most sensible of his sex.”

Clarinda was staggered at this declaration, and supposing herself in an error, forbore further remarks; with candour and sincerity, however, she told Lady Bell all that had passed between her and Mr. Gransbury's advocate; her ladyship wondered exceedingly that Mr. Gransbury, whom she had remarked, (she said) for his fluency of speech, did not plead for himself; this surprised Clarinda more; at last, the opinions of the ladies were so very contradictory, that each soon discovered they were talking of two gentlemen; a description of their persons immediately ensued, when Lady Bell was soon convinced of her mistake, and to the no little astonishment of Clarinda, confessed

confessed that for *the* Mr. Gransbury whom she meant, she had entertained a very strong partiality; she knew of no other gentleman of that name who belong'd to the noble family that was mentioned, and added, that Mr. Gransbury, on her account, went abroad to wean himself of a passion, her ladyship's husband then living, which might be attended with fatal consequences; for though he had a prior claim to his heart, Lady Bell, by the command of an inexorable parent, was obliged to give away her hand; this interesting story corresponding so well with the circumstance which Miss Harlowe had told her, led her to imagine that Mr. Gransbury had returned, forgot her, and came to reside here in a private lodging, where he might make other acquaintances. Cla-

Clarinda was greatly distressed at this discovery, and censured Lady Bell for her unkind reserve, tho' she could not but admire her noble motive for silence. Notwithstanding Clarinda's disappointment in not seeing an *amiable, sensible* man, the ladies were apparently well pleased with the catastrophe, and became more communicative to each other. Miss Harlowe imparted to her ladyship the letter which she received from the *strange* Gransbury, with also the verses. Lady Bell looked over the former, and smiling, observed the contents were much the same of all love-letters; but when she cast her eyes upon the poetry, how great her astonishment; she had received the very same from *her* Mr. Gransbury long before her marriage with his lordship, which, with several others she had

had hoarded up; but her husband, she added, took an opportunity of destroying all. Miss Harlowe was very much surpris'd about the lines; the plagiarism was evident, and the character of this Gransbury now mysterious; her ladyship and she consulted on the most likely means of detecting the cheat. Clarinda requested her friend to come that evening to her mother's house as a visitor when she should be introduced to Mr. Gransbury, and every method us'd to make a discovery; her ladyship not having any occasion as before, for an evasion, readily consented, and Miss Harlowe immediately repaired to her mother's, to prepare the old woman for Lady Bell's reception.

Mrs. Harlowe was very much surprized at what her daughter had told her. Sometimes she suspected *this* Gransbury to be a younger brother, and at other times no relation of the late friend of Lady Bell's, however, by the advice of Clarinda, her curiosity was suspended till evening.

Gransbury and Loveit were previously invited to tea; the former, with some reason concluded, that his letter and lines, had the desired effect, and that Miss Harlowe would one day or other yield to his wishes; the name of Lady Bell was still kept concealed, though intimation was now and then given, that a female acquaintance was expected. Gransbury hoped there would be no strangers;
 "None, cried Miss Harlowe, except
 "a lady

“ a lady for whom I have a very great regard.” On saying this, Lady Bell was announced; the name alarmed Gransbury much, who never supposed Miss Harlowe was acquainted with one of such fashion and life; Clarinda introduced her friend to Mr. Gransbury, but how surprized was Lady Bell, when instead of seeing one of the name, she perceived a Mr. Tacit, who was steward to her late husband; the wretch, overcome with shame, beg’d a quiet dismissal, for which he would candidly confess every thing; this granted, he discovered how, by his means, Lord B— was jealous of his lady; had given him Mr. Gransbury’s papers (among which were the verses) to destroy.—

“ And for those services (interrupted

“ Lady Bell) my infatuated husband

“ left

“ left you two thousand pounds, with
 “ which, and a borrowed name, you have
 “ attempted to impose upon Miss Har-
 “ lowe, and disguise your ignorance
 “ with a show of sense.

“ Oh you villain, (proceeded Mr.
 “ Loveit) was it for this you formed
 “ an acquaintance with me, and re-
 requested my assistance?” Here Gransbury
 attempted to prove that Loveit, for the
 sake of partaking his substance, advised
 him to the scheme; but the eloquence
 of the other over-powered him, and the
 dread of being an essay for the *Herald*
 or a *Gazatteer* paragraph, made him
 submit to a shameful exit; the ladies
 were much surprized at this discovery,
 and poor Mrs. Harlowe greatly disap-
 pointed, while Loveit with a well-told
 story defended himself, and promising
 to

to expose the impostor, and find out the real Mr. Gransbury for Lady Bell; still retained his character of an agreeable acquaintance; he told many anecdotes now *against* Mr. Tacit, and repeatedly wished Miss Harlowe joy for her happy escape, at the same time promising her (in a waggish manner) to provide a better and more deserving husband.

I cannot conclude this number without quoting a few sentiments, which fell from the lips of Miss Harlowe, when upon this subject addressing Mr. Loveit——

“ And is it possible, Sir, that this
 “ wretch has not only imposed upon
 “ you, but also gained admission into
 “ the Temple? I am surprized that a
 place

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“ place designed for men of learning
“ and genius, is now a receptacle for
“ meer upstarts and fortune hunters ; —
“ Can men without a classical educa-
“ tion, and a knowledge of the sciences
“ pretend ever to understand the law,
“ and defend a cause ? I am sorry the
“ bar is so often disgraced with illite-
“ rate sons of mechanics, whom happier
“ it would have been for, had they waited
“ to be successors to their fathers, than
“ dare to assume a consequential habit,
“ and herd with the sons,—the heirs of
“ gentlemen. Where merit is, it should
“ be rewarded, but never disgraced with
“ ignorance ; I hope for the future
“ that lawyers wigs, may not be trans-
“ ferred from *block to block.*”

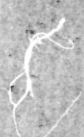
THURS-

THURSDAY, FEB. 10th, 1787. N° XV.

*Nimium ne crede colori, sed si decipi vult
populus, decipiatur.*

MRS. Harlowe, by the advice of Lady Bell, was now more reserved than before; she seldom or ever invited Mr. Loveit into the parlour, and when she did, always spoke of Mr. Tacit in a contemptuous manner; Loveit was however cunning enough to join in her opinion, and very often censured the conduct of Tacit more than the old lady herself, alledging that he had very good reason to repent his acquaintance.

By a repetition of Lady Bell's kindness, Clarinda was again prevailed on
to



to leave her mother, but Mrs. Harlowe in a week after being seized with a violent fever, her daughter immediately returned.

A gentleman was now recommended to Mrs. Harlowe as a lodger, in the place of Gransbury, the room being still unoccupied; his name was Grady, and his connections, as Mrs. Harlowe made every enquiry, very respectable.

The old lady however thought his behaviour that of a supercilious man, for soon as he heard Mr. Loveit's name, and understood his occupation, he came down to Mrs. Harlowe, and assured her if she did not dismiss the paragraph writer, who lodged over his head, he would stay no longer in the house; accord-

cordingly Mrs. Harlowe was obliged in the most delicate manner to give Mr. Loveit warning.

Some who visited Mr. Grady, rallied him for coming to a house where there was such a charming girl as Clarinda; the gentleman's pride was exceedingly hurt at this insinuation, for he could not bear the thoughts of making love to a girl whose mother was obliged to lett lodgings; this false notion of pride soon abated, when one day hearing a loud *rat, tat, tat*, at the door, and seeing a coach thro' the window he was in expectations of a visit from some of his titled friends, but to his great surprize and disappointment, the visit was below stairs; curiosity was now excited, and by enquiring of his servant, who it was,
he

he heard it was a visit from Lady Bell to Miss Harlowe; from this hour he courted an acquaintance with the mother and daughter; and not long after, while her ladyship was again below, forming an excuse, he enter'd the parlour, and by old Mrs. Harlowe, was introduced to Lady Bell.

Mr. Grady assuming all the consequential airs he was addicted to, took peculiar pains of mentioning his travels, and as travellers generally do, deviated now and then from truth. Lady Bell hoping to hear something of Mr. Gransbury, enquired about him; when the gentlemen all of a sudden exclaimed:

“ Jack Gransbury! my dear *mem*, I
 “ knew him perfectly, poor dear fel-
 low,

“low, we were old friends, he gave me
“this ring to remember him.”

Upon saying this, Mr. Grady took out an elegant gold watch, which, like a child with a gewgaw trinket, he was not only careful to display, but likewise an ornamented chain, on which, for Lady Bell's satisfaction, he produced the ring; her ladyship knew the trinket, and was now convinced of Mr. Grady's *honor*; for the sake of hearing as much as possible about Mr. Gransbury, she invited him to dinner the next day, and he, for the sake of adding to his *high* acquaintances, readily accepted the invitation.

Notwithstanding Lady Bell graced the head of her table, it was exceedingly
grating

grating to Mr. Grady, to sit down with the plain Mrs. Harlowe and her daughter; for though this gentleman was but a *mister* himself, he knew by the dint of affluence he should one day or other, have the *honor* of knighthood; a title of all titles, formerly the greatest, it being the token of *merit* only, and far beyond *hereditary* dignities, but since by the power of *interest* so much abused, that men of merit and learning despise the SIR.

Lady Bell took every opportunity of bringing her friend into notice. Indeed the superior education of Clarinda alone, struck Mr. Grady, and he could not without much surprize attend to the pertinent observations of this young lady.

Lad

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Lady Bell being always expatiating on the merits of Miss Harlowe, at last succeeded so well, that Mr. Grady confessed his partiality for her, but Clarinda notwithstanding the persuasions of Mrs. Harlowe could scarcely reconcile herself to his supercilious behaviour.

Time, however removed the objection of both parties, and Lady Bell was so full of it, that she invited the mother and daughter to breakfast one morning, intending to advise her friend about a settlement, which if agreeable, she would propose herself to Mr. Grady; no doubt this wedding would have taken place, had not a happy circumstance put a period to the adventurers career.

Soon

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Soon as the morning paper was brought in at breakfast, the following essay, which on account of its peculiar signature, Miss Harlowe supposed to be written by Mr. Loveit, was immediately read.—

“ It is very surprizing our dramatists
 “ have never taken notice of, a charac-
 “ ter which is so very common. I
 “ mean *an upstart*, no less remarkable
 “ for the *ups and downs* of his life, as
 “ the changes of his disposition : when
 “ reduced, he is as humble and gentle
 “ as a lamb ; when elevated, how
 “ haughty and overbearing ; some have
 “ made a mistake, and think an *im-*
 “ *postor* and *upstart* the same, but this
 “ is a false notion. T—— is an im-
 “ postor and assumes the name of G—,
 “ for the sake of a wife perhaps, or
 “ some-

" something else; how widely different
 " is that from one who *starting* out of
 " nothing, assumes every thing? these
 " observations I beg leave to elucidate
 " with an example, and as living exam-
 " ples are the best, I will give a short
 " sketch of a character now resident in
 " London.

" This gentleman was the son of a shoe-
 " maker, who bound him an apprentice
 " to a Jeweller; his name Mac Cready,
 " and himself a very illiterate man; the
 " son was always a proud fellow, but
 " in this reduced situation behaved rather
 " submissively; his *ups and downs* com-
 " menced on the death of his father, for
 " then he became a *master* Jeweller, and
 " treated his servants in a most contemp-
 " tuous manner. A sudden fire now

“ consuming his shop and dwelling, put
 “ an end to his present career ; by the
 “ assistance of a charity sermon he rose,
 “ and getting a *patent* for what his
 “ cunning, not merit contrived, mono-
 “ polized the whole business of this one
 “ article, and now became a Jeweller of
 “ consequence ; this consequence how-
 “ ever led him into a misfortune, that
 “ of gaming, by which means he dwind-
 “ led away into a poor journeyman a-
 “ gain ; thus reduced, he applied to many
 “ for assistance, and I myself have lent
 “ him a few guineas, which neither have
 “ been paid nor acknowledged since. By
 “ means of this, and some other contri-
 “ butions, he purchased a whole lottery
 “ ticket, which turning out a very great
 “ and double prize, made him an inde-
 “ pendent man ; intoxicated now with his
 great

“ great success, he forgot, he disowned his
 “ friends, and, by dress, and fashions,
 “ screening himself from their notice,
 “ commenced at once a fine gentleman;
 “ the life of a mechanic was now beneath
 “ him, he threw up business, and despised
 “ all those that dealt in any. Having by
 “ underhand dealings, made his money
 “ double, he resolved to go to London,
 “ where he now is, and display at once his
 “ consequence and dignity: upon this
 “ consideration he has *englishified* his name,
 “ and instead of *Mac Cready*, is called
 “ *Grady*, whereby those that have heard of
 “ him before, are total strangers to him
 “ now; he is so very great and proud, that
 “ the least noise offends him, tho’ previ-
 “ ous to his greatness he was obliged to
 “ make a noise himself, nor can he bear
 “ the company of those *poor insignificant*

“ creatures, from whose hands he was
 “ once glad to accept a donation; thus me-
 “ tamorphosed how must the world de-
 “ spise him; poverty, I confess, is no
 “ shame, nor is it because a man was
 “ once poor, and afterwards rich, he de-
 “ serves our contempt; no; for his
 “ merit that exalted him, he is entitled
 “ to our praise; but he who once a cy-
 “ pher in the world, by a sudden change
 “ of fortune, now cuts a *figure* therein,
 “ consequently becomes proud, vain and
 “ arrogant, too forgetful of what he *was*,
 “ and too mindful of what he *is*; does
 “ he not, I say, deserve all the chastise-
 “ ment of satire, all the derision of irony?
 “ for my part, I look upon an *upstart* as
 “ the most contemptible of creatures;
 “ his pride declares his ignorance; his
 “ want of memory, his ingratitude; and
 “ his

"his love for fashion and dress, a mean
 "unworthy passion for self, whom else
 "can he regard, when his relations he
 "never owns, and his friends he never
 "sees? Now up in life he thinks of his
 "bright with pleasure, and beholds all
 "below him with contempt; but when
 "by the decree of fate, he falls down
 "again, how will he think of his tumble
 "with remorse, and view all above him
 "with envy. His late discarded friends
 "will then triumph in his just misfor-
 "tunes, behold the worthless thing, and

HATE IT."

The author of this was evidently
 LOVEIT, by the contrast of the
 name—sudden astonishment seized poor
 Lady Bell, and the too credulous Mrs.
 Harlowe; who rising instantaneously from

her chair, announced her detestation of this man, and was determined, she said, to go home immediately, and give him the turn out.

But Grady having got the newspaper in the morning, was apprized of the contents; he saw, when too late, the danger of offending literary men, and was resolved, by an ignominious flight, to avoid the reproaches of Mrs. Harlowe; this lady, on her return, found a short note upon the table, wherein he had enclosed the money for his lodging, and confessed the necessity he was under to leave her.

Mrs. Harlowe, after so many disappointments, would lest no more lodgings, while Clarinda, endeavouring to forget

forget the past, was resolved to think no longer of matrimony.

About three months after this, the real Gransbury came home, not having known, till now, Lady Bell's husband was dead; for there had been a letter from Tacit, designedly written, which informed him of the contrary, and requested him as a friend, to keep out of the way; however, by means of Mr. Lovick, who wished to redeem his character as much as possible; he was apprized of the deception, and informed of his lady's residence; by these means, a couple, long divided, came together, and Lady Bell, with an honest heart, that must ever redound to her credit, gave up a title she never wish'd for, to become plain Mrs. Gransbury. The

participation of this pleasure yielded as much joy to Miss Harlowe, as if she had been the bride herself; while Mr. Gransbury, whose greatest characteristic, was urbanity, esteemed Clarinda as the friend of his wife.

The story of Mr. Grady being now related by the ladies, an explanation of the ring soon followed. It seems this man, when *Mac Cready*, did some business for Mr. Gransbury, and having made him a few valuable trinkets, for which the gentleman interchanged some old ones, Mr. Grady, by these means, came into possession of the boasted ring.

Miss Harlowe, however, did not think proper to continue her visits at his house as long as before; Mrs. Harlowe

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lowe being now in a declining state of health, and a solitary situation; Clarinda, directed by filial affection, staid at home constantly with her mother, and in the performance of this duty, partook ineffable happiness.

Pleasure never has a long duration; omniscient providence has decreed that pain, now and then shall intervene to remind us of ourselves, and make the joy of pleasure more delightful; thus it proved; poor Mrs. Harlowe was seized with another fever, which at once put a period to her life, while the annuity, on which she subsisted, died with her, and the inconsolable Clarinda was left behind, an orphan, unprovided for; what then availed all the accomplishments which had been lavished upon her? had

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the needle, instead of the harpsichord, been applied, she could now, by the dint of honest industry, have supported herself; but thus as it was, her situation must be doubly irksome; endowed with "noble thoughts, and elegant desires, fit for the happiest woman," how could she bear the stinging thoughts of toil and poverty? her education to be sure secured her the now-wanted compassion of Mrs. Gransbury, who took her home, and made her her companion; but dependance to a noble mind, must be ever grating, especially to Clarinda, who had no means of making her acknowledgements; she lived with Mrs. Gransbury till both her husband's and his lady's dissolution, when being remembered in the latter's will, she became in her old age independant; thus concludes the short history of Miss Harlowe,

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Harlowe, which, Busy Body hopes will be a warning to all parents to observe a proper medium in education, as the most likely means of keeping their daughters from sorrow, or what is more terrible to all young minds, becoming old maids.

SATURDAY, FEB. 12th, 1787. N^o XIX.

Among unequals what Society

Can fort, what harmony or true delight.

MILTON.

HAVING in my preceding number, offered some suggestions upon the education of girls, I will now take into consideration that most serious of all subjects, matrimony, and hope by the following letters, from two correspondents, to prove the ever attending distresses of unequal matches. To

To the Busy Body.

Mr. C——, my husband, being very attentive to all your numbers, I make no doubt but he will see this letter (if you are so kind to admit it) which, pray heaven, may open his eyes, and make him conscious of his fault; I was married at the age of fifteen, by the injunction of my father, who thought Mr. C——, being possessed of £.2000 per ann. would make a very good son-in-law; there was, therefore, no hesitation for serious reflections, which should ever precede this most serious engagement; we became man and wife, about a month after our acquaintance, and such is the dogged disposition of Mr. C——, that when at home he seldom, or ever, opens his mouth, except to eat; tho' I stare
many

THE BUSY BODY. 27

many subjects for conversation, he starts, twirls his thumbs, or stirs the fire; and when he *does* vouchsafe to answer a question, an humble monosyllable, - yes, no, or *psshaw* (I wish *Grammaticus*, *Scholasticus*, or some of your learned correspondents would give the definition of that word) is all which escapes him; on some occasion a disyllable, as, "what would you choose for dinner, my dear?" "Nothing." "may my dear, you must have something," then he makes his choice, as "breef," "fish," &c. without ever exceeding the usual quantum of syllables; I must beg leave to remark another thing, Mr. Busy Body; when I am inclined, as very often I am, to hum a merry tune, "Young Harry's the lad for me," &c. he looks, frowns, and with an ill-natured countenance

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countenance expresses his displeasure; yet when he, according to his custom, beats a solemn *tattoo* with his foot, equally disagreeable to me, I must bear it all, for if I attempt to stop him, the frown of ill-nature comes again.

You may wish to know, Mr. Busy Body, if he writes or reads much, as thence may proceed this seeming study and unnatural taciturnity. At breakfast, I confess he reads the papers, &c. to himself, while I am obliged to prepare the toast, and fill out the tea; between every paragraph, or sentence, he nips and sips with most provoking composure; he seldom uses the pen, and when he does, sir, I never know what he writes; after breakfast he goes out, returns to his dinner, eats hearty, nods,
by

by way of drinking health, and when the cloth is removed, takes his pipe, beats a tattoo, or, to entertain me with another sweet tune, falls asleep, and snores like a ——— excuse me, Sir, no decent simile can be thought on; when he awakens, he starts, rubs his eyes, swallows a dish of coffee, and takes down his hat; I have invited a few friends sometimes to induce his stay, but notwithstanding all this, he *psaws* and goes out, while I, poor solitary creature, am left alone, for several hours together.

All this however, I could bear with prudent resignation, but I am told that this my silent husband, is one of the most loquacious pleasant creatures in a clubroom; there, with a set of Wine-bibbers, he can talk, sing, laugh, joke, and

and be a truly cheerful companion ; this may in some measure account for his domestic silence ; he is studying when with *me*, what he shall say *to them*, and thus a poor wife is daily slighted, for the sake of his nightly reveries.

Some good-natured souls advised me now and then, to invite a set of young gentlemen to dinner, whereby my good husband may find his tongue at home.

I have done this, Mr. Busy Body, once or twice, but without any effect ; my husband was the same tacit creature as before ; nay, the last evening, tho' two or three of the visitors were remarkably witty, he pretended illness and withdrew ; this so disconcerted me for the rest of the evening, that I could not entertain

certain my company with any degree of satisfaction.

Thus, Mr. Busy Body, you may see

by the little sketch I have given you,

how ill-suited we are for each other;

there is no fault but taciturnity that I

can blame him for, and instead of this,

would to heaven he had been as volatile

and cross as the most violent and dissi-

pated of husbands; I should then have

the pleasure of hearing him often, and

seeing him sometimes, but now I see

him constantly, and hear him but seldom;

it is said, that silence is the sign of sense,

and none but fools speak much; happy

had it been for me, I had a *fool*, for my

husband, and better for Mr. C—— he

had a *wiser* wife; for my part, however,

and notwithstanding the remarks of

many

THE BUSY BODY.

Many learned men, I must think that continual taciturnity bespeaks a depravity of education, especially in a man who sits in company with his eyes open and mouth shut, while others are conversing; he appears wholly ignorant of the subject, and stupid to the extreme; surely every one of common sense will say, that it is as bad to *seem* ignorant as

to be so.

I am,

Sir, yours,

A. W.

To the Busy Body.

Sir,

I have taken a private opportunity in a coffee-house, to communicate a secret which gives me much pain; I make it a rule

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rule to take in your paper, and dare say, if you be so kind to admit this in your nineteenth number, my wife, (Mrs. C.) according to my wish will see it.

I deem it unnecessary to say why, and for what I married; suffice it only to hint that Mrs. C— was young and handsome. I am of a serious sober cast, but my wife is such a flighty loquacious woman, that there is seldom a day my head does not ache with her confounded noises; you must know, Mr. Busy Body, that like the ingenious Swift, I hate the peevish prattle of a woman; what can my wife talk about, but her caps and aprons, the price of muslin, and an account of the last new novel? she knows nothing about politics, the delight of my heart. I assure you, Mr. Busy Body, that if my wife

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wife would not plague me so often with her unintelligible jargon; I should be far more happy than I am; she not only teazes me with her own tongue, but very often invites others of her sex to make the conversation duller; she has also made an acquaintance with some milkops, I mean those ladies' gentlemen that have no other subject to talk about but fashions and the like; these Mr. Busy Body, are themes which never entertain me, while my wife consequently complains that I say nothing; I will not pretend to any uncommon share of sense, but insist upon it, that every time she and her gossyp companions wag their voluble tongues, they *say nothing*, and why? their words "are full of sound" and fury, signifying nothing."

Would

Would my wife, and surely by this time she knows, or ought to know my temper, bring me in news now and then of the king of France, or other great men, I should be induced to discourse with her. When she wishes for the company of her gossyps, let her give me due notice, and I will neither refuse her the pleasure of seeing them, nor damp their spirits by being with them; instead of bringing me a novel to look over, let her get me a good pamphlet, and I will read it; if she thinks her health may be impaired for want of exercising her tongue, let her remember that I keep four fervant maids who require scolding every day; if this be not sufficient, there are a butler and a coachman who are continually committing faults; and it will be very kind and considerate (for I can-

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cannot bear the thoughts of hurting my lungs) if she would save me the trouble of speaking to them ; but instead of this, Mr. Busy Body, the house affairs are neglected, the servants do as they please, and I am plagued and tormented, while madam is either singing, prating, visiting, or receiving her visits.

I have one thing more to add ; my wife is young, and I am not ; it is not to be supposed that her acquaintances are fit companions for me ; she, therefore, ought to mix her company, and by having some young and some old, there would be then entertainment for both. I have a notion too, that the young ladies of her acquaintance have, according to their general rules of scandal, filled her head with false notions ; she thinks,

Mr.

Mr. B. that I prate and sing in company; but I assure you, that this is quite foreign to my disposition; it must be therefore an idle story told by some designing, officious person, (for there are many in the world) who delight in the propagation of scandal, to torment both her's and my quiet.

I am, Sir,

Yours,

A HUSBAND.

Were the Busy Body to judge impartially from these two letters, which are evidently written by a husband and wife of different dispositions, he thinks they must be a very unhappy couple, owing, perhaps, to a precipitate resolution of changing situations soon, for

hasty

hasty weddings, as the old adage says, bring on hasty repentances, or to the ill-judged command of obstinate parents, overway'd by interest. It is to be regretted, that matrimony too generally proves, according to the pun, upon the word, *a matter o'money*, and tho' money too frequently joins the hands, it very seldom, indeed, unites the heart! there are two things to be considered before marriage, the ages and dispositions of the couple; there is something unnatural in an union of fifteen and sixty, or a woman of thirty, to a man of, perhaps, twenty-five; the woman, as she grows older before the man, should always be younger; a man about fifty ought to drop all thoughts of marriage, and remember, that at forty, he was going *down the hill*.

Unequal

Unequal dispositions make the chains of Hymen ever jarring and disagreeable; while, on the other hand, a man and woman, who think, act, and love like one another, make the marriage state the most enviable and happy. There are certain rules, which require both a husband's and wife's attention, but particularly the latter, as she must always be subservient to the former. A woman should be as clean and modest, as when she was a girl; but it is too often the case, that females, when they change their situations, change their habits; and is it not sufficient to abate any husband's love, when he beholds his wife, whom formerly he remarked for her cleanliness, now in a dirty bed-gown, or, for the most part of the day, a soil'd night-cap? A lady, when she secures

Vol. II. F her

her lover ought likewise to secure the affections of her husband; it was his duty to court her before marriage, but after that, it is her's.

I will not be so inconsiderate as to say any thing to these my correspondents: for whoever sows discord between man and wife, has much to answer for; only beg them to wave at present all objections to one another, and as they have married for better or worse, endeavour to make it mutual harmony.

Chiding never becomes a wife, nor should she be ever prone to too much visiting: the former aggravates a husband, and let him be ever so good temper'd, inclines him to anger; the latter weans his affection, and makes him, tho' before domestic, a rover now; on the

the contrary, when a husband's character is reproachable, the wife should connive at it, for it is by smiles only, and gentleness, she can reclaim him; the more she proves herself undeserving his unkindness, the sooner will the man be convinced of his folly; let my fair correspondent then observe this precept, and as her husband is so cruelly silent, by observing the same silence with him, and never disturbing his meditations, she will, no doubt, induce him to converse with her. I was told that a husband once, for some trivial offence, struck his wife in the presence of three or four people, who reproaching the man for his most shameful behaviour, was thus addressed by the woman: "Me, gentlemen, you are only to blame, I am sure if I did not deserve it, my husband

"husband would never have done it;" this laudable gentleness of behaviour so affected her husband, that he never lifted his hand in wrath again.

It is a miserable thing indeed when a wife discovers her husband does not love her, or perhaps prefers another; it is the only time that dissimulation is commendable, for instead of intimating the least knowledge of the affair, she should practise every possible means of recovering his heart.

TUESDAY, FEB. 15th, 1787, N° XX.

Hæc novimus esse nihil.

MART.

To the BUSY BODY.

THERE is not upon earth a more reigning passion than *curiosity*; whether we derive it from our father Adam,

Adam,

Adam, or mother Eve, I cannot say; but men and women I think have an equal portion; curiosity to be sure, was fatal to poor Eve, but who can tell whether Adam was not as curious as his spouse? if eating the fatal apple be a proof, he was. At present I think in respect to this, there is no difference between either sex.

I am a very serious man, Mr. Busy Body, and choose always to sermonize upon subjects; I will therefore divide this my text, (curiosity) into three heads; first, the laudable; secondly, the insignificant; and lastly the impertinent.

First then, laudable curiosity is that which friendship, I mean real friendship, makes use of; when our friend is in distress, it is praiseworthy to enquire the

cause, without which we cannot relieve, and to relieve, as far as lies in our power proves our friendship; curiosity may go further here, and be still more laudable, for if he deny an explanation, to enquire of others and pry into his affairs prove not only our concern, but wish to serve him; I must add Mr. B. that your curiosity as a public censurer and commentator, is not only laudable but of much service.

Secondly, insignificant curiosity, is that which can possibly answer no end; this I think prevails more among the female sex, tho' all our politicians may be included; ladies very often go to church thro' curiosity, an unaccountable desire to know how many fine beaux form the congregation; to be sure, half the beaux go for the same purpose, to see them.

them; this curiosity often leads us to mind every ones business but our own, and very often terminates into absolute disappointments, vexations and losses. When ever a pretty face strikes our fancy, we always cry out *who is that?* and if a lady smile, or a gentleman sigh, *pray what is that for?*

Lastly, I was stopped the other day by a friend of mine, who, on seeing me, exclaimed, "well boy! where are you going?" Now this I call very impertinent curiosity; the ladies methinks reading so far, flatter themselves they are excluded this; but don't be too sure, misses, you are as impertinently curious as the masters; if one of you meet another and perceive a finer cap, apron, &c. than your own, are you not very

often rude enough not only to take it up and examine, but also to cry, if not in these direct words, at least some that are similar, "bless me, this is very fine, pray what did it cost? how much a yard? where did you buy it my dear? &c. &c." this curiosity I call equally impertinent. There are several other instances of this; I have been asked by strangers, *where I live?* then when they visit me, *was the house my own? How much I paid for it, &c.* On saying that I dined with such a person on such a day, I have been asked, *what did he give me for dinner?* and several other impertinent questions, all proceeding from downright curiosity, which time will not permit me to enumerate.

We are very often curious according to our different professions, for instance
the

the author wishes to know whether his brother's comedy will be damn'd or not; the Politician what the Parliament house will do next sessions; the citizen, how stocks are, and so on; thus it is, the rich, poor, men, women, boys and girls will be ever prating about what will, or can be of no service to them or theirs.

To conclude; give me, Mr. Busy Body, a friend, and only about his health, and safety will I be ever guilty of any curiosity; add to this, a pleasant situation in the country, a competency to support it, and now and then over a bottle of wine with my friend, I will pass away an easy life without ever troubling myself either with the affairs of state or those of my neighbour.

I am, Sir, &c.

QUIETUS.

F 5. 208. 208. Mr.

Mr. Busy Body, I send you herewith a petite dramatic piece, on a subject well known; I have never offered it to any theatre for representation, for if represented to the public in one of your numbers, my literary ambition will be amply satisfied, particularly as we seem to coincide in this opinion, that broad humour is the best method of exposing folly.

Yours,

HILARIS ANDREAS.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

A Comical, Farcical, Pantomimical Piece.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. Simpleton, Jack Rake, Harry Bluff, Tacit, Molly, (*an Irish oyster woman*), Judy, (*an Irish fish-woman*), Mob, &c. &c.

SCENE

SCENE I. A PARLOUR.

Harry Bluff, Jack Rake, and Co. discovered drinking, &c. A Noise.

H. B. Hush, hush, you'll awaken my uncle, and uncle spoils sport you know.

J. R. True, honest Harry, then fill a bumper boys, and let us drink a *sound sleep* to Mr. Simpleton.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

H. B. Ay, ay, that he may never awake. *(drinking.)*

J. R. Oh that would be a happy day Harry, we should make a *night* of it boy.

H. B. Yes, and a *morning* too. Gentlemen you have due notice; soon as the breath leaves my *poor dear* uncle, I hope for the pleasure of your company, to *drown our sorrow* my boys.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

J. R. Harry, you're a d—nd honest fellow, but how is it, we have not had a bit of fun sometime?

H. B. No faith, its a shame, we have not broke a fellow's head these three nights.

J. R. Oh, scandalous *upon honor*, the town is quite dead; what think you Harry, shall we kill a few cowards to put *life* into it?

H. B. Egad its a match—Its a long time, I think, since we heard any one cry, *what's the matter?* ha! ha! ha! how that question has diverted me.

J. R. Oh, as, to that my boy, I will lay a wager with any one that by just running, in number as we are, thro' a few streets, we shall raise a mob in half a second.

H. B. Its done! for the *fun of the thing*.

J. R

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J. R. A match? ydw! quid? M. 3.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

H. B. Hush, my uncle is awake, let us steal out before he comes.

Enter Tacit.

T. My master wants you to go to bed, fir.

J. R. Oh we are busy—come—

T. And what shall I say to Mr. Simpleton?

H. B. Oh, nothing, nothing, say nothing. *(Exeunt.)*

T. Say nothing! *(Musing.)*

Enter Simpleton in his Night Cap.

S. Oh, I can get no sleep, such bawling and roaring, and ——— where's my nephew? is he gone out? why, what did he say when he was going?

T. Nothing!

S.

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S. Nothing! why what was he doing?

T. Nothing!

S. D—n your *nothings*, you are not good for *any thing*! if you don't say *something* by this and that, I'll knock you down.

T. Oh, something, something!

S. And what is it?

T. Something.

S. What?

T. Something.

S. Ouns you rascal, I'll beat you till you are not able to say any thing.

(Beats him.)

T. Oh! any thing—nothing—something!

(Exit.)

SCENE II. PARLIAMENT STREET.

Enter Jack Rake, Harry Bluff, and Co.

J. R. Oh! look there! (Pointing.)

H. B.

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H. B. Heaven and earth!

Omnes. Run! run! (*They run off.*)

Enter Mob.

1 *Man.* What's the matter?

2 *Man.* What is it?

3 *Man.* I can't tell—run.

(*Mob follows them.*)

SCENE III. CHARING CROSS.

Jack Rake, Harry Bluff, &c. running—

Mob following—some falling, &c.

SCENE IV. STRAND.

All discovered in Confusion—Every Window open.

SCENE V. FLEET STREET.

*The Confusion greater—Mob increased,
&c.*

SCENE

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SCENE VI. CHEAPSIDE.

Enter Molly and Judy.

M. Fine oysters! arrah Judy, my jewel, what is the matter?

J. Oh! pon my shoul honey, there's a man *kilt*.

M. *Kilt*! Arrah are you making game?

J. No indeed, I was after selling a pennyworth of sprats when I *bard* it.

M. And does the man himself think he is *kilt*?

J. Oh troth, he said he was struck speechless with the first blow.

M. Goodness gracious! I wonder, was he handsome?

J. Faith he was as tight and comely a man, as you would wish to fix your two looking eyes on, (*a noise*) See, something more is the matter, let us run.

M.

M. Make haste, fine oysters!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Leaden-hall Street, and*

MR. SIMPLETON'S HOUSE.

Mr. Simpleton at the window.

S. What is the matter?

Enter a Boy crying.

Boy. Oh! oh! oh!

S. What's the matter?

Boy. I just left my master's shop, to enquire, Sir, and some boy stole six yards of broad cloth, and—

S. I don't pity you, what business was it of your's? eh? you should have minded your shop, and not be running to know *what's the matter*, (*a noise*) what is the matter?

Enter

Enter Molly.

M. Oh, pillaloo! I have lost my basket of oysters: Oh, I shall break my heart.

S. D——I break your neck, was that a reason you should break my rest? I wish people would not be so curious, it is nothing to them what others do; when men are riotous can't they let them fight, and not trouble themselves about them? *(a noise)* What's the matter? What's the matter?

Enter Harry Bluff, Jack Rake, &c. running—they stop at SIMPLETON'S HOUSE.

S. Lord! what's the matter, I say? Does any thing ail my house—*Tacit,* *Tacit,* what's the matter?

Tacit. Nothing!

S.

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S. D——n your nothings—what is it gentlemen—is my house on fire—is it falling—have robbers broken in and

J. R. Take care of yourself, Sir—your throat will be cut, an ill-looking rascal has just gone in, and—

S. Heaven defend me, what shall I do?

J. R. Leap down, Sir, we will catch you—Harry, may-be your uncle will break his neck. [*Apart to H. B.*

H. B. I hope so?

S. Give me room—spread a blanket—
Oh, my poor throat—make haste—now—
(leaps down) Oh, I am safe?

H. B. My dear, dear uncle, is your head broke?

S. No, I believe not.

H. B. Oh, what a pity?

S. Eh! what do you say, Jack?

H. B.

Enter Molly.

M. Oh, pillaloo! I have lost my basket of oysters: Oh, I shall break my heart.

S. D——I break your neck, was that a reason you should break my rest? I wish people would not be so curious, it is nothing to them what others do; when men are riotous can't they let them fight, and not trouble themselves about them? *(a noise)* What's the matter? What's the matter?

Enter Harry Bluff, Jack Rake, &c. running—they stop at SIMPLETON'S HOUSE.

S. Lord! what's the matter, I say? Does any thing ail my house—*Tacit, Tacit, what's the matter?*

Tacit. Nothing!

S.

THE BUSY BODY. 113

S. D——n your nothings—what is it gentlemen—is my house on fire—is it falling—have robbers broken in and

J. R. Take care of yourself, Sir—your throat will be cut, an ill-looking rascal has just gone in, and—

S. Heaven defend me, what shall I do?

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H. B. I hope so?

S. Give me room—spread a blanket—Oh, my poor throat—make haste—now—
(leaps down) Oh, I am safe?

H. B. My dear, dear uncle, is your head broke?

S. No, I believe not.

H. B. Oh, what a pity?

S. Eh! what do you say, Jack?

H. B.

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H. B. What an escape, Sir?

S. Yes, indeed! where is the rascal, he shall be hanged—eh, the street door is lock'd.

J. R. Egad we mistook the house, it was not this he entered.

S. Eh, and what was all this uproar for?

Tacit. Nothing!

S. D—n your *nothings*, have I risked my life for nothing? been fitting up for nothing? bawling for nothing? Well, let the house be on fire, curse me if ever I leap out again. I believe it is too often the case that we neglect our own business, encourage pick pockets, and plunge into difficulties, by running to know *what is the matter*, when the beginning and ending of all, is generally *nothing*.

THURSDAY,

THURSDAY, FEB. 17th, 1787. N^o XXI.

*Heav'n is not always angry when he strikes,
 But most chastizes those whom most he likes,
 And if with humble spirits they complain,
 Relieves the anguish or rewards the pain.*

POMFRET.

MR. Flint, a pawnbroker, in a very capital thoroughfare in London, was, as is the generality of his profession, who live on the exigencies of their neighbours, a hard hearted man; he was always upon honor, and observed the strictest secrecy when stolen goods were offered, and constantly defended his character by declaring his profession was of the greatest utility to the public; to such, who insinuated his encouragement to thieves, this reply was always given; instead of being encouraged, they are rather prevented;

prevented; for by lending money to those who immediately want it, they are prevented from taking unfair means; certain it is, that these men do both harm and good, and that there is still a something wanting, I mean a new regulation, to prevent the former.

One evening about the dusky hour, an humble female appeared among the poor borrowers: she offered a picture, set with no inferior diamonds, for a meer trifle; Mr. Flint, on examining it, enquired her name, and whose it was; with a faltering voice she confessed her name, Maria, and that the picture was a present from a lover, who gave it to her, when affluence crowned both him and her, strictly enjoining her to keep it safe.

“ Indeed,

“ Indeed, then I see, (continued Mr. Flint) you are very punctual to your sweethearts commands.”

Unable to bear his irony and smiles, Maria acknowledged the reason of her pledging it, declaring had it been for herself, she would have died ere she had parted with it; but as by private information, she has heard that the dear man who had given it, was now lying on a bed of sickness, in a room of poverty, she thought it not only her duty, to send him all the money she had, but likewise to procure as much as she could; she hoped a future day would enable her to redeem those trifles, which now by the cruelty of fortune must remain with him.

When

When the pawnbroker had heard this tale, he imagined she would, no doubt, release the picture, and therefore ventured to give her half the value of it, though the third part is generally the sum; the poor girl accepted the money with much satisfaction, and departed.

About thirteen months after this, Mr. Flint, upon looking over the unredeemed pledges, perceived those of Maria's, and recollecting the circumstance was much surprized; with some reason he thought the story that Maria had told him, was a meer plausible tale to get more upon her securities; impressed with this idea, he was resolved for the future to harden his heart against all melancholy stories and never be amused again; the lowest price was now marked upon
the

the picture (which was about double what he had given for it) and put into the shop for sale.

Several gentlemen stopped to examine it, particularly a Mr. Sidney, who, soon as he had satisfied a painful curiosity, made an immediate purchase of it.

When Mr. Sidney had bought the trinket; grief and indignation almost choaked him. "Was it for this! (he cried) was it for this, I gave her my picture, which she so faithfully promised to preserve? Ungrateful maid! I see my late folly; I now repent my unavailing love." Thus meditating with himself, he reached his home, and entering a small apartment, carelessly threw the picture into a desk.

Mr. Sidney indulged his sorrow with looking over all those tender epistles he had received from Maria, and, no doubt, would have begun without ever concluding them, had not a friend most fortunately interrupted him; a dialogue now ensued, during which, the unhappy Sidney was informed that his long lost Maria was in great distress; this gentleman was of a tender disposition, and having recollected that he was once in the same predicament, and likely to perish, had not the timely death of a rich uncle relieved his wants, for by the deaths of many, several survive, he commiserated her pangs, and conjured his friend to bear her two notes for a hundred pounds each, of which, he was to pretend to be the lender himself, and at the same time enquire about Mr. Sidney's picture.

The

The friend departed,—Sidney began the letters again, and whenever he read about constancy and love, his tears would fall upon the words, as if they should be washed away. Again the same gentleman interrupted his meditations; when Sidney eagerly enquired the issue of his message; the young gentleman informed him, that the poor creature overcome with joy, was near expiring. Soon as she had recovered, she fell on her knees to bless the donor, and he, unwilling that her prayers should not be properly applied, most candidly confessed to whom she was indebted for the present.

Sidney was vexed that his generosity should be thus discovered; he warmly addressed his friend, and told him he might well have borne all the merit,

when he had in like manner behaved to him. "No, (exclaimed the friend) not to me attribute your late relief; it was the voluntary gift of your Maria, received in my name; it was she lent you the money you have now so nobly paid, and to her only you are indebted."

Sidney was astonished to find his goodness equalled, and notwithstanding a rash vow he had made in a jealous moment, to please some punctilious friends, he was now resolved to see and embrace his dear Maria; the trembling maid appeared; confessed what she had done with the picture for his sake, which on the receipt of this money, she went in hopes to recover, but in vain; Sidney raised her from the ground on which she had fallen,

fallen, told her he knew how it was, and as she had so generously involved herself in distresses, to relieve his wants, he now requested her, notwithstanding the late objections of his friends, to accept his hand and heart for the services she had done him, and take back the picture which was her's; he returned the portrait with many other presents, while poor Maria overcome with joy, scarcely knew she had them in her possession.

The day for Maria's marriage was appointed; how did the poor thing tremble, an agitation natural upon these occasions; the ceremony was now performed—Maria was a bride—how general the joy—the happy guests congratulated the more happy pair, while the reverend no less delighted than the rest

of the company, seized an opportunity of saluting Maria.

Why did a tear sit pregnant in his eye? why did he sigh when smiles abounded? God only knows; but when he had kissed the bride, he turn'd his head aside to weep, and left the room with an aching heart.

The bridegroom pursued him, and esteeming him the author of his happiness, presented him with two half guineas; the boon was small, but very acceptable.

This reverend man was sometime in the church; in the early part of his life he had married, and being suddenly deprived of a fine daughter, devoted himself

self entirely to prayer, and became one of the pious. He was far from being rich, nay, so far, that he could scarcely support a wife and two children, for tho' he had long filled the sacred function of a clergyman, yet it was never his good fortune to rise higher than a curate—he had no *friends*—no *interest* in his behalf.

Soon as he quitted the happy couple, and concluded a sermon upon “wonderful are the ways of Providence,” he was accosted by an humble beggar, who earnestly craved his charity; his tale about himself and family was truly sad and affecting, and tho' strange as it may appear, that he who wanted money should part with any, behold, this curate divided Sidney's present with the beggar. “Here says he, here is a trifle for you,

“ it is not sufficient to make me happy,
 “ but it may be enough to make you
 “ so.” The manner in which he gave
 it to the suppliant, made such an impres-
 sion on his heart that he faltered in his
 thanks.

When our humble curate had reached
 his home, a home of poverty and dis-
 tress, the impatient wife enquired about
 the transactions of the day, and hearing
 that he had got a guinea unexpected,
 anxiously enquired where it was ; how
 suddenly changed was her countenance,
 when her husband giving her but half,
 seriously told her he had made a present
 of the remainder *to his maker*. I will
 pass over the many impious exclamations
 that fell from this woman’s lips, only
 add, that her husband, so shocked with
 her

her behaviour, was about leaving the room, till interrupted by a servant, he stopped, who delivering him a letter, vanished; the curate impatient to know his correspondent, tho' by the outside appearance of the letter which was very dirty, he thought him to be no desirable one, was struck with astonishment even at the beginning, which ran thus—

“ Overcome by your generosity to day,
 “ I am led to confess my late wicked-
 “ nefs. I was an assistant in robbing
 “ you of your daughter, a child of six
 “ years old, whom you lost about twelve
 “ years ago; induced by the good ap-
 “ pearance of the child, we plundered
 “ her of her clothes, and left her in a
 “ distant village; but heaven, alas! has
 “ punished our crime, for our family are

“ all beggars ! I have since watched the
 “ people (who were very poor them-
 “ selves, and had many children) that
 “ took in your daughter and preserved
 “ her, by which means I am now able
 “ to inform you where she is, and make
 “ some amends for my past transactions ;
 “ she is now by means of her own in-
 “ dustry, and natural understanding be-
 “ come a lady of distinction, whom you
 “ yourself have married about six hours
 “ ago to a Mr. Sidney.”

The poor astonished father had scarce-
 ly finished the letter, when he turned a-
 bout to his wife, and not being able to
 bear the inexpressible joy, fell into a
 chair and fainted ; soon as recovered, he
 exclaimed with energetical transport.

“ Now, now, my God has paid me for
 “ my

“ my charity, Maria is my daughter,
 “ my daughter is the happy bride !”

There was no time lost, a message was dispatched to Maria—the now happy Mrs. Sidney ! when behold the lovely daughter and her transported husband appeared. Every circumstance corresponded with the beggars confession ; she fell at her father’s feet, both wept ; she pressed him, he blessed her, all was happiness ; the father and his little family, were now invited by his daughter and son, to partake of greater joy than was hitherto known ; while Mr. Sidney’s family, who had so lately objected to his marriage with Maria, on account of her spurious birth, were now perfectly reconciled to the union ; this story I have told as far as my feeble abilities enable me

to promote all charitable works. Many excellent discourses have been given from the pulpit in behalf of this one great blessing; but I am sorry to remark their temporary effect: we think, perhaps, after bestowing our mite, we need no further exhortations; we then give, because it is the fashion, while our secret benefactions are either small or none; too many I am afraid have thus deceived themselves; few of our ladies of distinction have a *Maria's* heart, and fewer of our great gentlemen a *Sidney's*; we are all inclined to be *Flints* notwithstanding

“ The first of human blessings is to bless,

“ And happiest he who feeds another's wo.”

I do not think that the man who leaves all he has to hospitals, &c. when he has children,

children, nephews, or some distant relations, is at all charitable. Moderate benefactions towards these places are much required, and will much redound to our credit, especially when we bestow them during our lives; but when we give all and leave behind even one of our own kin distressed, all this boasted charity seems to proceed from an ill-grounded malice, and can never—never, in my humble opinion, procure terrestrial fame or a heavenly blessing.

I must next beg leave to observe, that we are all too apt to repine whenever affliction strikes us, forgetful that the same power which depresses can also exalt, and that there are few in this world, even the great ones are exempt from some calamities. Surely the pious will
 confess

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confess that despair is a sin, a sin against heaven, while a lively hope and peaceful resignation generally meet their reward.

“ Man

“ Wants but little, nor wants that little long.”

SATURDAY, FEB. 19th. 1787. N° XXII.

All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players.

SHAKESPEARE.

To the BUSY BODY.

SIR,

NOTwithstanding you have devoted a number already to theatrical subjects, and by means of your correspondent E. E. highly entertained your numerous reader with his just critiques, especially that of a *methodical* player, I
humbly

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humbly crave a corner in your miscellany, to say a word or two on strolling companies.

I have often diverted myself in country places with the *Tragedies* of these *Comedians*, and assure you, sir, that I have laugh'd more hearty at *Venice Preserved*, *Orphan*, &c. than ever I did at *Quick* or *Parsons*. Tho' many are the anecdotes related of itinerant performers, yet with your leave, Mr. Busy Body, I will impart one that is truly original, to prove the ignorance of these strolling fellows:

In the third act of the *Orphan*, when Castalio is with the page, he says, dismissing the boy:

"Take this, begone, and leave me,

"You knave, you little flatterer get you gone."

The

The hero whom I saw burlesquing this character, not knowing what he was to give when he should say, "take this," for the author, though customary, has not signified it in a parenthesis, thus, (*giving him money,*) poor Castalio was terribly posed to know what he should do; so when he came to the part, acting it in a violent rage, "take this," he cried, giving the poor boy a box in the ear, which almost knocked him down: "begone and leave me, &c." and stamped so furiously that the very boards shook under him; being, however, disconcerted at the loud laugh of the audience, and knowing that they should not laugh at a tragedy, he was resolved to try another method the next night, for which reason he brought a candle on the stage, and gave it the boy to take away,

away ; we were therefore to suppose that poor Castalio went to bed *in the dark*.

I am, Sir,

Yours,

AMICUS.

To the Busy Body.

SIR,

As there are several unemployed scribblers in this kingdom, I beg leave to send them (thro' the channel of your miscellany,) some necessary instructions, which may be the means of making our dramatic and novel writers rise, I don't mean as high as *garrets*, Mr. B——, but all the way to the top of Parnassus.

HA ! HA ! HE !

How

How to write a most excellent Tragedy.

Begin with thunder and lightning ; when an author commences in this manner, he strikes the audience all at once, and I think it will be very odd if there is not a thundering clap, for every clap of thunder, besides a beginning in this manner needs no explanation.

Let the hero's name be as long as you please, eight syllables at least ; nothing makes a king so great as a name, because a name every one knows is a great thing, for example, Don Monzorinafandino, how elegant that would sound ; it would almost fill a line in the blank verse.

As a compliment should be always paid to ladies, I would give the heroine
a fine

a fine title ; if it did not amount to the quantity of syllables before-mentioned, it should be, some way or other, as grand. What would you think of a parcel of christian names united ? for instance : Georgina Alexandrina Sarina Augustina Henrina Barnes ; I protest this thought enter'd my head one day, while I was turning the corner of Newport Street, Long-Acre.

It is not a pin's matter what the plot is, so there is a ghost, let him be *dead* or *alive* ; a murder, no matter if the murder'd man be not *killed*, is very necessary. When a man that is dead in the first act, comes to life in the third, how great is the surprise !

I insist

I insist upon every act ending in rhyme, because it is as much as to say,
End of the Act.

What is the reason no new *death* is contrived? I am sure there are many ways of committing a suicide; but always on the stage I remark it is with a dagger or bowl of poison. Now I never saw a man hang himself in a play; would not it then be a new and affecting thought to let the hero of a tragedy tuck himself up, and make a melancholy jig of it? upon my word it is very natural.

Of all characters in or out of the world, I would introduce that of a villain in a tragedy, a "bloody ruthless dog," who rants and bellows from the beginning to the end; by such a character as this, the
 author

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author is enabled to treat his audience with blood and murder.

Oaths are very essential in the mouths of kings ; I never knew a play *damn'd* yet for the *swearing* in it.

You must have a prologue and epilogue, but let them be such as will answer any play.

How to write an admirable Comedy.

Let the *Dramatis Personæ* be as long as the Comedy itself ; by a multiplicity of characters there must be consequently a multiplicity of incidents, and it is impossible for any critic, when half-a-dozen enter, and exit after a little flimsy prittle

prittle prattle, to tell whether there is a story or not.

A new character is a very principal thing, but there is no occasion to adhere to the rules of nature for it.

Let the hero of the piece be a scoundrel, an inconstant or a drunkard, the latter opens a fine field for humour; let the girl who courts him (for ladies in plays generally court the gentlemen) bring about his reformation. Here and there to spin out the piece may be introduced two or three men; suppose a poet, player, or the like, to talk, quarrel, and make it up again; then a pathetic scene, displaying the follies of vice and the triumph of virtue; in short, let the story be such as may be told in four words, though you have taken *four acts* to

to describe it: five is the common number for a comedy, but who would write like others?

As to the language, a few puns will highly illustrate it; obscurity is now in as much repute as in King Charles's days; we call an obscene speech a *double entendre*, and these added to a few *equivocal* scenes (no matter how *far fetched*) will do the business.

There is not the least difficulty in making a father find his child, or a child his father, a brother his sister, or a sister her brother about the latter end of the fifth act; there may be a hidden mark in the left arm, a conceal'd picture (which never till then was seen,) or a scar upon the forehead, provided the
gentle-

gentleman was in the army, and got it in some memorable battle, no matter where; or if the discovery must be made of a lady, I would recommend an entire new thought, which was never exhibited in any play yet, tho' very common in life; let the lady have false teeth, and as there can be no play without love, about the time she and her lover are to be married, while she is expressing her transports of blifs, let the counterfeit teeth fall on the stage; this will be a most excellent introduction to a discovery, while the author may conclude with a fine figurative speech—*Joy has deprived her of her utterance.*

Let there be always a secret in a play, and that secret must not be told till the very last scene; there are twenty evasions
may

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may be had ; the hero may be too proud to give or take an explanation ; the heroine may be too timid ; one too bluff, and another too modest ; so on : for example, G is in love with A, and communicates the secret to his friend C. The friend receives a letter from A, who proves to be his sister and flies to her relief. This circumstance makes the lover jealous ; he challenges C, who though in four words (*she is my sister*) could at once clear the matter, and acquit himself — meets G. The author now introduces a very long pathetic scene, and the friends almost fight before the explanation. If a harsh critic enquire why this secret was not told before, the answer is ready, the play would be consequently spoiled, and end too soon.

H

How

How to write a capital Opera.

Let there be no plot at all, mere dialogue will do; let the songs be forced in, I was going to say, without rhyme or reason, but *some* rhyme is requisite, though no exactness is required; *impress'd, express'd, fame, pain*, are very good rhymes for songs; the *Burdens* of all the *humourous* and *totity* ones must be nonsense, they run very well, and are sure of an encore; besides there is no difficulty in the rhymes; from the specimens that I have had already, I dare say I could make *one* very good song.—

" *Haily gaily—diddrum doo,*

" *Widdle waddle—fustterum foo,*

" *Gambo raily—bow—wow—wow,*

" *Niggling giggling—row de dow,*

" *Hey day—popularum jig,*

" *Tag rag hatband perriwig,*

" *Merry*

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"Merry derry—linkum feedle,

"Dreary dun—and swaddle fowdle."

From this example an author may see how easy it is to write and rhyme.

As to time, it is no matter, make a whole day of it if you choose: the first act morning, "*Ah! how delightful the morning appears,*" and if you wish to take a great leap, the second may be night, "*Oh! what a night is this for love,*" then as to the next act, it may be—the next day.

How to write an elegant Novel.

Letters are very pretty, and though we are to suppose this comes from Eliza to Harriot, that from lord B, to Captain F, there is no occasion for a variagated

stile, for every one knows they are written by the same author.

But as *letters* are so very hackney'd, let *chapters* now and then be introduced, especially those with comical heads;

“CHAP I. *being the introduction*—CHAP

“II. *very necessary to be read*—CHAP III.

“*may or may not, &c.*” I know

several novels of this sort, and vow and protest the heads had more merit than either the *body* or *tail*.

In about the middle of the first volume, let a duel commence; the lover must get a wound, and be given over at the conclusion; the reader is then kept in suspense; when the lover has wonderfully recovered, if you wish to make a volume extraordinary he may relapse.

About

About this time you may think of a story, for the story of a novel should always begin about the end, no matter how distant from the title—*apropos*—the name of a novel must be something very *tender* and *delicate*.

Let the poor young lady in the work, be obliged to defend her virtue two or three times; not with a dagger or knife, they are too common; a pair of *scissors* or a corkscrew; the latter I recommend as the former has been hit on already.

As to the language, you may either adopt simple or sublime, according to your pleasure; a multitude of monosyllables will pass for the former, and the latter be supported by unmeaning and epifodical repetitions. I advise you to

admit as many epithets as possible, both to spin out the work, and make the diction harmonious; what, tho' a few critics may deem the expressions of *joyful bliss*, or *blissful joy*; *kind benevolence*, or *benevolent kindness*, &c. meer insignificant tautologies, yet I assure you the major part of your readers will be struck with the harmony, and count them all beauties; for similar epithets constitute modern sublimity, and have brought many of our *octavos* and *duodecimos* into high estimation!

A great part of these volumes may be nothing more than common dialogue quoted. "And, continued he, when, re-joined she, but, her friend returned, upon which the other replied, and the old lady immediately said," *cum multis aliis.*

To

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To the Busy Body.

SIR,

I have a forward youth for my son, who, by some means or other, has procured such a fatal knowledge of the stage, that he not only distracts my head with his noise, but absolutely turns the brains of every servant in the house. Dick, for that is his christian name, has eternally a play-book in his hand, getting a part as he calls it, which I am sorry to say, he can in a very short time repeat much better than his Creed. It was but yesterday, Mr. B. when I saw Dick hugging a shoeblack in the hall, whom he called *Pylades*, exclaiming aloud, "*What's life without a friend?*" I was very much enraged, and taking Dick by the ear, gave him a hearty box,

but this made no impression upon him, for still proceeding in his cursed stuff, he cried "*A blow ! would not a dagger have done thee nobler justice ?*" "A dagger" echoed I ? No—I shall see what a stick "can do;" so I got my cane; Dick fell on his face, while I gave him as I thought, a very hearty drubbing; but soon as I had done, the incorrigible dog rose, and began again "*By heaven I was planets struck !*" "Oh then, I'll beat you more" I cried, upon which he flew out; "*Curse this on thy age that hinders me from rushing from thee;*" "What, you rascal, did you threaten me?" "Didst thou not hear?" "By this and that I'll beat your life out;" "*By the gods you dare not;*" "D—n you and the gods!" so I began to lay on again; upon this the cook came up, calling herself SERINA, and

and declaring I should not hurt her dear *Chamont*. My man servant told me he was *Major O'Flaberty* that came to part *Belcour* and *Dudley*; thus Mr. B. a general confusion ensued. But what provokes me most of all is, I had a note, Sir, for a hundred pounds, which gave me great uneasiness, for I dreaded the fellow's running away before I was paid. I therefore called my son Dick to get it discharged, telling him at the same time it was a note I was very uneasy about; he took it out of my hand, pretended to read it with great concern, and as I live and breathe Mr. B. the rascal tore it all to pieces, exclaiming with a play-house stamp "*Thus perish all who give Alon-*" "*zo pain!*" I was very much enraged, particularly as he was bidding me to forget it, saying a note "*may be for-*"

"ged;" but, Mr. Busy Body, to prove at once his enthusiastic disposition, I will subjoin a mad poetical medley of his, which I found some days ago, and after enquiring the meaning of it, was told, Dick the apprentice wrote it; pray look it over, while I remain,

Yours,

HEIGHHO!

DICK TO CHARLOTTE.

Look down my Charlotte, "Oh my angry dear,"
Behold with kindness, and incline your ear,
"To write or not to write," let critics jest on,
I'll write, but will you read? ah! "that's the
question;

Il marry Charlotte tho' the world may snub,
But will she marry me? "Oh there's the rub,"
Yet will I court her as no tongue can tell;
"It must be so, Hymen thou reas'nest well;"

"Angels

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"Angels and ministers of grace *besfriend* me,"
 My only wish and only pleasure send me
 Then more at random shall my fancies rove,
 "Than youthful poets fancy when they love,"
 O what extatic bliss, without an end,
 Our scenes, and all our actions shall attend;
 But wherefore Charlotte need I write you this,
 'Tis but a poor rehearsal of our bliss;
 Tho' one or two their passions have aver'd,
 Richard the third should always be prefer'd;
 If not, how hard my fortune, O my fair,
 "'Tis fixt, 'tis past, 'tis absolute despair;
 For I have lov'd—the passion I'll pursue,
 "So much, 'twill make you think you feel it
 too;
 O Charlotte! have I not in visions seen—
 "Yes, I have seen thee, where thou hast not
 been;
 "In form as palpable" the fair appears
 To me "in pleasing dreams till morning eares
 Awake," oh yes, "the form of thee,
 Thus beautiful as thou art" now, I'd see—
 "Believe me queen of shadows it is truth,"
 Love has such great dominion o'er my youth.

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You do not surely mean that I shou'd die?

Why won't my Charlotte then at once comply?

"Why will she be so startingly and rash,"

Since cruel passion's made a cruel gash?

"Bind up my wound, have mercy Cupid," stay,

Since it is love, why love must have its way.

"Whether first nature, or the *beauteous maid*

"Has wrought my mind to this, cannot be said;

"But *torment* now is not displeasing," then

Shall Charlotte be the subject of my pen,

That all my ardent passion may be known,

To her I prize — "I write, and it is done;"

Come then, good humour, liberty, and love,

These *characters* shall enter from above;

While sorrow, strife, and slavery may go,

And *make their exit* "to the shades below;"

For thee my Charlotte do I ever pine,

For thee, ambitious to be ever thine;

Ambition is a ladder — then if so,

Like my dear cousin *Ranger*, "up I go;"

O grant my trifling wish, 'tis all I want,

"If *Richard's* fit to *kiss*, let Charlotte *grant*."

But

But cruel maid, I fear that she denies,
 "I see my doom, I read it with broad eyes;"
 I see my sorrow will be ever great,
 "As plain as if I saw the book of fate;"
 And shall the *Jessamy*, who strut with pride,
 Enjoy the favours that poor Dick's denied?
 And shall the *mummary* of affectation,
 All the *machinery* of dress and fashion,
 Prevail upon my love to be unjust?
 "Be cautious, O you fair one, whom you trust."
 It is a *farce* to say that they can love,
 Or ever kind, or tender they can prove,
 So very churlish they of late are grown,
 Like *crooked Dick*, "they are themselves alone;"
 If Charlotte has my destiny proclaim'd,
 "I am unfortunate, but not ashamed
 "Of being so," and yet, I shou'd be dumb—
 "Time may have yet a fated hour to come,
 "Which wing'd with happiness may overtake
 "Occasion past," and Charlotte won't forsake;
 "Sure 'tis the very error of my eyes,"
 To see such danger where no danger lies;

"To—

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" To-morrow, I expect, two hours ere noon,"
 That, " by St. Paul, our marriage shall go on."
 But, if my father chance, alas! to frown
 Upon our wish, " down, busy devil, down."
 Shall I, like *Osmyn*, be my love denied,
 And my poor Charlotte be the *Mourning Bride*?
 " 'Tis an alarm to love," and must not be,
 Tho' " he will shake his hoary locks at me :"
 What if he stamps, and curses o'er and o'er?
 " Rage on, my dad, burst *spite*, and *fury* roar."
 Because my fair is poor, thou knittest thy brow!
 " Love, what a poor omnipotence hast thou!"
 " If gold thou'd buy thee," 'tis an idle toy;
 But Dick " will summon you to love and joy."
 " Then to the altar we'll together go,
 " There to the rev'rend priest our love to show,
 " And be the envy of the high and low." }
 Then little Cupid shall with wanton art,
 " Laugh in your eyes, and revel in your heart."
 " Thus far we run before the wind," for nought
 Can frustrate what the love-sick heart has
 frought.

Tho'

Tho' parents council and with cruel sway,
 Forbid our wish, and order to obey—

"Curs'd be their orders! curs'd the prohibitions!"

"The curse of growing factions and divisions"

"Still vex their councils;" the parts revers'd;

They shall be sad, while our joy's rehears'd;

For will the gods permit these raging foes

T' imbitter life, when life, as *Shakespeare* shows,

"Is but a tale told by an idiot;"—no,

He was no idiot that has told us so;

Therefore he told a lie, or, as he says,

He told a tale, for authors do in plays.—

Then, "neck or nothing," will I undertake

The *Constant Couple* for my fair one's sake,

While parents in cross purposes delight,

And act the part of tyrants ev'ry night;

Since 't's their cast so well, and they may play

The *Comedy of Errors* every day.

Oh, then my fair,—but if you think your bard

"Not worth a word, a look, nor one regard"

"Go, and if possible for ever then"—

Leave me a wretch, like other wretched men.

I'll dig a grave, the earth my grave shall be

"There let me sink and be the earth on me;"

Yes

Yes I'll succeed, or in the church-yard lie,
 " Like *Douglas*, conquer, or like *Douglas* die."
 Yet " wherefore talk of dying," with my pen,
 " To rot in daily winding sheets," e'en when
 " Rats die in holes and corners, dogs run mad ?
 " A nobler remedy is by a *lover* had,"
 I'll kneel and court, till smiling you begin,
 " Hope shall revive and gladness dawn within ;"
 " Then we shall wed to-morrow night at least,"
 " For well I know that we must work in haste,"
 " 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
 " But we'll deserve it," then my fair, unless
 You're obdurate still, let us begin the rites,
 " As I do trust they'll end in true delights ;"
 " The clock has struck," " Oh Charlotte,
 " oh,"
 " The clock has struck !" and now must Ri-
 chard go.
 —To bed—where soon may lovely Charlotte be
 Fast in his arms !!!
 " Farewell ! remember me !"

TUESDAY,

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TUESDAY, FEB. 22d, 1787, N° XXIII.

All that delights mankind in general, are but dreams of happiness, empty shades, and fantastic appearances.

Mrs. Rowe.

To the Busy Body.

SIR,

I AM now so much disgusted with fine names, that I am resolved whenever heaven blesses me with any children, they shall be only called plain *Richard, Thomas, Sally, Betty, &c.* according to those christian ones of my most dear and nearest relations. Our *Alexanders, Wilhelminas, &c.* are become so very common, I look upon them all as vulgar; these thoughts entered my head
one

one day, that I was godfather to a shoemaker's child; a compliment, Mr. Busy Body, more serious than many imagine. About an hour, or thereabouts, before the christening, the father and mother considered what name had the most *harmonious* sound; the father mentioned *Georgina*, it being the christian name of a very worthy personage; the mother hinted that of *Roxalana*, because it was in the last Tragedy she saw; my opinion was enquired, but as I could not give as good a reason for preferring either, as I could for dropping both, I assured them that I was unacquainted with these affairs, and now Mr. and Mrs. ——— deeming it an improper time to fall out, agreed to give the poor infant both names; accordingly the daughter of this very illustrious

trious family of shoemakers, was christened **GEORGINA ROXALANA**.

How very proposterous and silly this great ambition for fine family names must appear to every one of common understanding. I assure you, Sir, I shall always be ashamed to see or own my godchild when she grows up; for my part, I despise all empty ideas; I am the son of an honest physician, who refused the honor of knighthood, because he was neither a friend to state nor ambitious of a title; his lesson to me was always upon one theme, *humility*; and by my observance to this, I readily consented to *stand* for my shoemaker's child; where I assure you, Sir, I saw more ambition and pride, tho' the master of the house was only an humble mechanic, than

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than ever I did at my father's, that was
all his life-time a gentleman; this called to
mind the following lines from Churchill,
that most severe, but excellent poet.

"State is a farce, names are but empty things,
"Degrees are bought, and by mistaken Kings,
"Titles are oft misplaced."

I am, Sir,

Your obedient,

PETER PLAIN.

To the Busy Body.

Tho' you and all the rest of your
readers, may be prepossessed in favour of
our English buildings, yet I can mention
one that is far, very far beyond the tower-
ing church of St. Paul, or the magnificent

Somerfet

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Somerset House; this building alluded to is in the temple of *fancy*; erected by *imagination*, and beautifully expressed in the following lines from Virgil.

“Animum nunc huc celerem tunc dividit illuc,
“In partesque rapuit varias perque omnia versat.”

From this intimation you will soon conceive my meaning, and no doubt agree with me, that *Castle Building* is the most extensive of all edifices; for a confirmation of this, be so kind, Mr. Busy Body, to read my essay throughout.

I have about thirteen female cousins, and four of them at different times, I have known to sit together by the fire side, and entertain one another with *future prospects*; the eldest would first of all fancy herself married to a Lord, who should keep his carriage, and have a
number

number of servants; she of course would invite her sisters alternately, and by means of all the gentlemen that should visit his lordship, provide good husbands for each of them; deluded thus by false imagination, they would no sooner get husbands in fancy, but also the very number of children, boys and girls, they wished for; thus the old proverb was verified, "they reckoned their *chickens* before they were hatched." The poor eldest girl having thus deceived herself, absolutely refused to marry three gentlemen, who made proposals to her and her father, because neither was the *fancied* Lord.

Castle building, I make no doubt yields a temporary pleasure, but not sufficient to compensate for the future disappointments and vexations thereto attending. The *materials*

terials for this airy work are generally *wishes*; no sooner did these poor girls *wish* for husbands, than they *fancied* they had them. A *wish* for affluence prompted them once to put into the lottery, and being told by an old hag that, “pretended to gifts of prophecy, and telling fools their “fortune,” that they should get the capital prize between them, they have (as I lately discovered,) staid awake for several nights, consulting with each other how they should lay out this money; and to complete their *Castle building*, extended the twenty thousand pounds, (the then capital prize) to forty, on leases, freeholds, and what not! this dream however ended about the third day’s drawing, when to their no little mortification the ticket was worth nothing.

I have

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I have often diverted myself in the company of old women and girls, when they begin to *wish*. One evening while their red rags were thus employed, I pretended business, and withdrawing to a corner of the room with pen and ink, committed to paper all the *wishes* that were uttered; the motely expressions which were thus collected, added not a little to my mirth the next morning, when being resolved upon further sport, I communicated the matter to a friend, well known in the *bumbug* society, and not a little celebrated for his *dry* humour. We now consulted about the second act of this comedy, when it was resolved that I should introduce these ladies, or as many as would come to my friend, who was to be the hero of the play, and personate the character of an astrologer, that

should

should tell them their wishes, and whether they should have them or no; the girls were all agog upon this intelligence, but as the old women were ashamed to play the fool in public, it was agreed upon the young ones should go by themselves. The hour was appointed, my friend was prepared, the girls entered, and as no man was to be admitted, I was obliged to leave them; Jack now, enquiring the year and day they were born, &c. for appearance sake, which the girls candidly told in their turns, proceeded in his hocus pocus, and examining every planet, as he did already *plan it*, took out the marvellous paper and with a deliberate air, read over to each their wishes; "Lord bless me!" "O dear! very strange!" and such like interjections followed. "These, ladies,

“cried my friend are your *wishes*; now
 “you shall have your answers,” (here
 some *ayes* and *noes* ensued while
 the disappointed girls almost burst in-
 to tears.) “You miss that *wish* for in-
 “*dependance*, I must speak with alone.”

Exeunt Ambo—while the ladies on the
stage were out of their wits to know the
 secret; Sally listened, and over-hearing
 the astrologers advice to this young lady,
 which was on the second ensuing Monday,
 about peep of day, to go into the garden,
 and by lifting up a stone about three
 yards from the door, she should find a
 bag; Sally now determined to go first to
 this spot, and supplant her sister. On
 Jack’s re-entrance *her* wish was next con-
 sidered, upon which my friend told her,
 that the husband she wished for, should
 be the first man in a brown coat, that
 she

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I should see on the eleventh of the next month, provided she looked out of the window about nine o'clock in the morning; further answers being of no signification, I will say, *end of the second act*, and proceed with the third; but previously inform my readers, that Jack, with his usual gravity, assured the young ladies, whom he had flattered with a promise of their *wishes*, that if, till the appointed time they were to receive their *wishes*, they *wished* again, the *charm* would be broken. I was now resolved to be a busy actor in this little play, that my poor deceived friends and cousins, may see the folly of their *wishing*, and *building castles in the air*; Sally would not enquire the secret, because she knew it, and was determined to be beforehand, even with her sister; by the countenance of these two girls, I saw, they flattered

themselves with the thoughts of independence ; nay, it was evident, they neither slept nor knew what they were about ; “ Oh ! cried the poor anxious girl, I wish—I wish, to heaven, Monday was come !” the dissembling Sally asked why ? but her sister smiled and was mute. Having witnessed this, about Saturday I paid an evening visit, and under pretence of—necessity, went into the garden, where lifting up a stone according to Jack’s prediction, I put thereunder a little *bag* ; Monday morning before the sun peep’d, I went into an adjoining meadow, where I had a distant view of the garden ; Sally was the first that came ; I saw her seize the bag, which with sudden delight she opened, and taking thence a little note I left there, at first a supposed bank note, she

read

read—"You *wished* to deceive your
 "sister, and are therefore deceived;
 "nor shall you see the man that was
 "promised you in a brown coat;" sudden
 rage and disappointment so provoked
 her, that she burst into tears and dis-
 appeared; the other sister, elate with the
 hope—the assurance of independance,
 came next, and moving the stone, look-
 ed anxiously round for the predicted bag;
 instead of which she found a paper, that
 I had left for *her*, and reading "Suffer
 "for your impatience, because you
 "wished for Monday to come before the
 "will of heaven, it is heaven's will you
 "shall be still dependent." "Enthu-
 "siastic passion (as the poet says) filled
 "her breast," and calling tears to her re-
 lief she left the place. The next day, a

very worthy personage, whom my readers, no doubt remember, departed this terrestrial abode, and a general mourning was proclaimed. In vain poor Sally looked out of the window, on the eleventh of the succeeding month; every man was in black! no brown coat to be seen. I went this day to visit my poor cousins, and asked Sally why her eyes were so red? "Ah! (she cried) 'I have disobeyed the astrologer, I have broken the *charm*, and all his promises are void.'" Upon this the eclairsissement of our little piece took place; I confessed to the girls the whole statagem, and added that I had now hopes they would see the folly of wishing for happiness, and fancying what is not; they are both idle customs and offences against heaven; not empty words.

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words (which wishes are at best) but industrious actions can procure the blessings of this life: here I took the liberty of quoting a triplet, that was late the *extempore* effusion of a very ingenious friend and relation of mine:

O fi! O fi! otiofi!

“ He that wishes and wishes and hopes to obtain,
“ All his wishes and wishes without toil or pain,
“ May be wishing and wishing, yet still wish in
“ vain!

The moral of this little performance had the desired effect; my cousins saw their folly, and Jack, it is hoped, will continue the character of astrologer

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

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To the Busy Body.

SIR,

I cannot for my life imagine how fashion took its rise ; it is certainly one of the most changeable, the most ridiculous thing I know ; yet the chief study of mankind, and indeed womankind in general, is to be as conformable as possible to all its preposterous rules. Some years ago it was the fashion to wear wigs, and tho' gentlemen had very fine hair, they were obliged (by the injunction of fickle fashion,) to change their natural locks for false ; now it is the fashion to wear our own hair, and several who should cover their baldness with wigs, strut about, with heads that have nothing on them, save powder and pomatum,,
the

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the just emblems of themselves, for, I am sure there is nothing in them.

Is it not very hard, Mr. Editor, that I must wear * *large buckles* which hurt me? is it not very ridiculous that English ladies should adopt Scotch habits? but it is the fashion, and we must not say a word against them; this despotic ruler, which reigns among us all, is certainly very unaccountable; it guides not only our dresses, but our very actions: twelve o'clock is the fashionable time now for breakfast, six for dinner, and so on—but when I was a young man, we breakfasted and dined at more reasonable hours.

* Large buckles and plaids were the fashion at this time.

I sometimes imagine that fashions, which are most ridiculous, owe their origin to the most ridiculous things in nature; when balloons were first attempted, "every thing we saw, every thing we heard, every thing we used, every thing we wore, had *balloon* in it," till these airy machines fell to the ground, or like Shakespear's description of his witches, "vanished into the air," and melted like breath before the "wind," then *drapp'd* or *wamish'd* our *balloon* carriages, signs, purses, wakers, garters, &c. and were no more seen.

There is one thing I must mention, which is the only fashion I know of a long standing; I mean duelling, and wish, if I could, to make some conditional additions to this custom.

That

THE BUSY BODY.

That gentlemen should have a genteel way of quarrelling, (for I do not think BOXING either genteel or proper, tho' it be only using the arms heaven gave us) has been already agreed to; the sword, provided both are equal fencers, or pistols are deemed the fairest weapons; but I am sorry to say the offender is too often the conqueror; there is certainly some regulation wanting to prevent boys from fighting, there being several late instances of youths about eighteen years old, commencing duelling heroes, and another for the safety of those many unhappy ones that are thereby made widows and orphans; for the prevention of the former, I would decree, had I the ability, a forfeiture of so much per annum during the minority of these heroes, to be paid either by their parents or guardians.

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dians, and I would also make it the fashion, that gentlemen, when they determine to fight, should previously consider each others family, and the conqueror be therewith bound down to support what ever wife or child he may bereave of a husband or father ; by a general conformity to these rules, none but gentlemen of advanced ages could fight, and quarrels, no doubt, would be sooner made up.

It would be very judicious if some persons of distinction would take the fashions into consideration, and by appointing monthly meetings, they might correct and improve them ; then, by being the examples of their own proper rules, propagate such fashions as may be conducive to the happiness of mankind, and the prosperity of our country ; such persons,

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persons, if they please, may command
the immediate attendance

Of their

Humble servant,

SENEX.

THURSDAY, FEB. 24, 1787. N^o XXIV.

Know then thyself—

The proper study of mankind is man.

POPE.

To the Busy Body.

SIR,

THERE are several old adages,
which, I think not only require
recital but remembrance; give me leave,
Mr.

THE BUSY BODY.

Mr. Busy Body, to make a collection of
the most remarkable, and adjoin some
illustrations,

I am, Sir,

Yours,

A MAN OF THE WORLD.

"Set a beggar on horseback, and
he will ride to the devil." This,

I look upon as a most admirable sa-
tire, and just allusion to the many
upstarts which infect the nation, and
monopolize our money; they are a set
of proud insignificant beings, "the com-
mon dung of the soil," and the sooner
they go to the devil the better.

"Penny wise and pound foolish;"
This is almost every day verified, especir-
ally

THE FOLLY OF THE BODY.

ally by our *poor* booksellers who
throw away *eighteen pence* for a *shilling*.

"He that would not when he may,

"When he would he shall have nay."

Is a very good lesson for *prudent*
maids, not to let a marriage offer escape
their notice for fear *_____* (*blank*)

"A burnt child dreads the fire."

This prudence in children, should teach
the grown up not to burn their hands,
when they have *burnt their fingers*.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody

"good." Too often indeed this old say-
ing has been proved; seldom or ever does
a disaster befall one; that two or three
are not benefited; the ill wind that dis-
tempers our eye with the dust, gives the
quack

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quack oculist an opportunity of ~~vill~~
getting a fee.

"Seeing is believing," should be always a warning to the credulous not to *believe* what they do not *see*, and a reproof to the incredulous, who neither choose to *see* nor *believe* the distresses of their neighbours. A blind man deserves our pity, for he cannot see; but he who suffers himself to be imposed upon with his eyes open, deserves cecity.

"Haste makes waste, but slow is sure." "The longest road is the shortest way home." Meaning Mr. Busy Body, to tell a little extravagant story that will answer both these proverbs, I have therefore united them: Swift and Slow were two pedestrian heroes

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heroes, who laid a wager each, they would walk to such a place and back again, about sixty miles distance, in a shorter time than the other; the bett being agreed upon, Swift made the first essay, and to avoid the delays of inns, brought brandy, bread, and other nutriment in his pocket; Swift was in such a violent hurry, and his pockets on account of the brandy and bread so heavy, that he was obliged now and then to stop for breath. Deeming every *short cut* his better way, he chose the fields for his excursion, and, in his endeavours to go over a ditch, the bottle of brandy being very incommodious, and retarding his leap, the poor fellow jumped into the middle; the weight of his pockets obliged him to stay there for several minutes, and had it not been for the timely assistance
of

of a farmer, he would, no doubt, have perished in the mud; he was brought to the nearest cottage for relief, and after three hours loss renewed his journey: now he walked, then he ran; at last during one of his imprudent races, struck his head against an unseen post, which threw him on his back and left him speechless.

A waggoner that was going the contrary way, and saw the accident, took him up, and meaning to procure him some relief, put him into the waggon; tho' poor Swift could not speak, he saw he was going the wrong way; on the recovery of his speech, the first word he said was *best, best*; "Aye cried the waggoner "you were *beat* sure enough, don't fight "with the *postesses* any more;" Swift was now able to utter in a faint manner, the following misunderstood words, "I
" shall

"shall lose my bet, my bet is over;"
 "I'd sooner walk to Constantinople than
 go back again;" never mind them—
 go ho! Sally Martin in that there white
 cottage, will rub your temples, and do
 you as much good as your *Bessy Dover*,
 or *Constance Noble*, I warrant—geho!—
 thus the good-natured waggoner brought
 our exasperated hero about twenty miles
 out of his way; when he had freed him-
 self from this troublesome friend, he
 walked again as fast as possible, but
 soon as he arrived to the appointed place,
 was informed that Slow, who had com-
 menced his journey the day after him,
 had been there twelve hours ago, and
 having eat a hearty dinner, proceeded
 on his way home: Swift scratched his
 head upon this information, and remark-
 ing the propriety of his antagonist's ma-
 nage-

nagement, exclaimed, "had I delay'd
" a little to carry *my* dinner in my belly,
" and not in my pocket, I should not
" have wasted my brandy and bread;
" but I wonder I did not meet him;
" which way did he go?" Swift was
informed thro' the road, "ah, (rejoined
" he,) *Slow is sure*, he won't fall into a
" ditch, well, I shall take the longest
" way for the future;" upon which
Swift sat down, eat a hearty dinner, and
after a day's refreshment, went home,
with no loss now whatever, the wager
being previously won by Slow, while
Swift was at the sixty mile stone.

"It is a long lane that has no turn."

On account of the proximity of lanes to
roads, I will next consider this proverb,
which I think a very consolatory one

to all who are engaged in law-suits; a bill in chancery must end sometime or other, and sure it is a comfort to think our childrens children may reap the benefits.

“It is not all gold that glitters.” A most excellent saying, and shows that the puppies who figure away in gold, and silver lace, are not all gentlemen, nor the gentlemen who keep carriages, servants, &c. always rich: appearances are often false and deceitful.

“A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.” Let this, my son, teach you that when providence puts in your way a place of about one hundred a year, you should immediately secure it, notwithstanding my Lord A——, Duke of
of

of ———, &c. promised you one of two thousand, for the gift of providence, is the *bird in the hand*, but the promises of great folks, *those in the bush*.

“ Its well its no worse.” This was a very favourite saying of my old grandmother’s, who, whenever any thing happen’d her, always exclaimed it, and in this manner consoled herself. One evening while she was abroad, and amusing herself at cards, an account was brought her, that her dwelling, and all her furniture were consumed with fire—

“ God bleſs me ! she cried, but *its well its no worse.*”

Some ladies were much surprized at this saying, and asked what worſe *could* have happened than the loss of furniture, &c. “ Yes Madam, thank

“ God, I am insured, and have not lost

“ my

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"my life." Providence seldom inflicts the worst of misfortunes.

"Money makes the mare trot." No wonder, then, that our very affluent folks are galloping to destruction.

"It is a wise child that knows its own father," and truly, Mr. Busy Body, it is a wise father that knows his own child, there are so many deceptions of this kind.

"To reckon one's chickens before they are hatched," is to *encrease and multiply* in one's imagination only; several old Batchelors and maids have been *fathers and mothers* in this manner.

"Old

"Old birds are not to be caught with
"chaff." Some minor sons who im-
pose upon their fathers, say, this proverb
is out of date.

"A fool and his money are soon
"parted." Witness all the gewgaws
which deck the dwellings of the rich!

"None but the brave deserve the
"fair." Would ladies consider this,
and only reward the meritorious brave,
heroism would then be the characteristic
of our generation. N. B. Bravery does
not consist in *red coats*, nor outward ap-
pearances.

"A bird that can sing, and wont sing,
should be made to sing." I wish to hea-
ven

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even this *should* was practicable, but *fine*
birds do as they please.

"A slip of the tongue is no fault of
"the mind;" of course the *lappi lingua-*
rum of our TEACHERS, do not denote any
culpe mentium—

For tho' his tongue blunder before *he can speak*,
Th' heart of an Irishman makes no mistake.

"What's done cannot be undone;"
this is the reason the old dons in every
play forgive the elopements of their
daughters, &c.

"Whom the cap fits let him wear
"it." If this were the case we should
see a great number of *fools caps*.

VOL. II. K

"A poet is born not made." Notwithstanding, there are some who *make* themselves poets by plagiary, and what is more remarkable, they are the richer ones; the poverty of a poet shews, that merit is not ashamed to shake hands with a poor man, tho' our great ones shun him as if his calamity were infectious. A poet, Goldsmith says, is like Mercurius, but surely, *feet*, more than wings belong to them in all their *measures*. Others say, he is like a parent, and as they have not, I choose to extend the simile; like a parent he *brings forth* with pain, corrects all his *brats* faults with diligence; seeks for a patron or patroness, who may be stiled the *godfather* or *god-mother*; *christens* his *babe*, and introduces it to the world; while the plagiarists pens are the hands of a *kidnapper*,
and

and the reviewers accounts either very cruel or tender *relations* : should the work enter the second edition, the child then becomes the *beir* of public favour, and provides for the parent : if not the *brat* returns to the *cradle* of oblivion, where it is *rocked* for ever.

“ Too much of one thing is good for nothing ;” this is the reason Mr. Busy Body I conclude ; for fear like a great many I pass the limits of *enough*, and enter the wide field of *too much*, where peradventure I may go astray.

To the Busy Body.

SIR,

To acquire a knowledge of mankind, should be our first and chiefest study ;

we are thereby able to bear with the cholerick, and guard against the hypocritical; there is no animal under the sun subject to a greater variety of passions, than we are; the king of the beasts is remarkable only for ferocity, the ass for stupidity, the hyaena for hypocrisy, and the dog for sincerity; but man, the lord of the creation, can be either violent, dull, deceitful, or sincere; these various characteristics, his Otway's Hag, by her variegated garment, speak a "variety of wretchedness;" the man of choler can never be happy, and the tame fool is always open to imposition; life is a meer solitude without a friend, and yet among one in ten, did I say a hundred it would not be false arithmetic, that assume this name, we seldom find a real one. A person of my acquaintance always

ways made it a rule to try his friends before he confided in them; when any one protested a regard for him, he seemed extremely well pleased, and immediately formed a story of distress to see how willing he would be to assist him, for this very reason the gentleman is seldom or ever invited by any one, but leads a quiet domestic life, and is never deceived, nor deceives himself. A man cannot know his friends till he knows adversity; this never failing touchstone proves the sincerity of all boasters, and tells us whether or no we have a friend.

An open enemy is in my opinion a more noble character than that of a false friend; he tells us at once he hates us, and fain would do us harm; but the other with a smile of hypocrisy, swears he loves us, and promises all the service

in his power : which then is the greater enemy ? the friend is more our foe, and the foe our friend !

There are some men very great enemies, or friends, according to the characters of the people, or *their* characters of them, they either esteem or hate ; these are by some reckoned *bonest* men ; but by the majority of their acquaintance justly despised ; they are for the most part guided by prejudice, and the great enmity which they bear in their hearts against many individuals, some undeserving, can never be atoned for by the stability of their friendships ; if we befriend our friend, we do well, but when we do all in our power to hurt, even an enemy, we betray a rancorous heart, and a narrow disposition ; our good offices seem then

to

to be *lent* to our friends for future favours, or to discharge an old debt, and our malignancy a payment for the same: they cannot be truly generous that are not truly forgiving, which is the noblest of all generosity!

A promise should never be heeded, for great promisers are little performers; their vows are slender twigs, which if you trust to, bend and break; whoever promises friendship, and with-holds it at a time of need, cannot even make inability his plea, for if he *could not* have performed, he *should not* have promised.

The man who has wisely studied the world, will never be anxious to gain its favours, for popular applause is as fickle as it is scarce. To please every

body would be an arduous task, and he that makes the attempt will please nobody. Even you, Mr. Busy Body, have failed in the endeavour; I went to Peele's Coffee House last Monday, on purpose to hear the different opinions of gentlemen about you; one, a tall slender man of a saturnine complexion, declared your first and second numbers to be meer attempts at wit and humour, on characters nobody knew, nor nobody cared for; another censured them for being neither witty nor humorous; a little slipshod fellow, of but shallow understanding, passed sentence on the third, and condemned your correspondents to a place of torment; Scholasticus for being a blockhead, notwithstanding his sense, and Punctilio, an unmannerly intruder spite of his pretended decorum; " If he
" cried

“cried we are to say *memoranda*, *effluvia*,
 “instead of *memorandums*, *effluvioms*, why
 “not *encomia*, *exordia*, and all these here
 “latin words, instead of *encomiums*, *exordi-*
 “*ums*, and”—he would have proceeded
 had not an old man interrupted, and
 very sagaciously observed, that Scholasti-
 cus had added *et cætera*, which included
 all these. “Oh well, (rejoined master
 nimble-choppers,) “if that be so, look
 “here, Busy Body has used *encomiums* in
 “several places; now what do you think?
 “he says he would always write *memoran-*
 “*da*, it being proper, yet pray observe, he
 “has used *encomiums* two or three times; no
 “ERRATUMS in the press, I presume.”
 Here I took your part, and before the gen-
 tlemen admired your modesty for not tak-
 ing a liberty, some could not understand,
 and others would deem unprecedented.

The several opinions passed upon your work, displayed a variety of judgements; this was too gay for one, that too grave for another, this too simple, that too florid, and so on, that I thought in my own mind, if the Busy Body wished to have every body's favour, he must be very *busy* indeed.

By studying mankind, we may then be able to attain another very necessary acquirement, *the knowledge of ourselves*; without which, we may fall into errors, both detrimental to our fame and interest. I was one day very much hurt to see an upstart mechanic insulting a journeyman, that had been once higher in estimation than his master, and far more experienced; the manly tear started in his eye, and by obedience, he endeavoured to suppress his secret agony. It
is

is too often the case; that *servants* make the worst *masters*, and *fortune-hunters* the most supercilious *gentlemen*; all this proceeds from an ignorance of ourselves; for the best of us are but men, on a par with the meanest of our fellow-creatures, and tho' titles and riches make a distinction here, they gain no respect in the eyes of heaven; the conqueror and captive are the same species; the master and the servant; fortune, to be sure, has made the former superior, but the truly valourous, are the truly kind, and they are cowards only, who insult their slaves; my blood always runs cold, whenever I see a man-servant put to improper work, such as attending the young misses of the house with their hand boxes or dolls; is this fit employ for the sex? surely, surely, if their masters knew themselves, they

would not degrade their own name so much, by imposing on man such effeminate business.

Yours,

HOMER.

To the Busy Body.

SIR,

My character, Mr. Busy Body, when you commence an examination of man, will not be found a very strange one; I am one of those very envious mortals, who can never bear to see the prosperity of a friend, nor hear the success of a stranger. I have read how some people have participated the pleasures of others, but even these fancied pleasures I have grudged the heroes of romances. Your work,

work, Mr. Busy Body, has provoked my utmost spleen: I have been ever since as officious and troublesome as possible, to discover and expose like you the failings of the ignorant, but not like you, to praise and commend the worthy few. I adore virtue, but wanting it myself, cannot bear to see it in another. I envy lords, dukes, &c. for their titles; the authors of good plays for their merit; and whenever I hear Edwin encored, I am almost ready to jump up in the pit, and attempt the song myself; when I read the declamations of a great speaker, I wish to be the orator; the achievements of a valiant man the warrior, that has fought; thus, Mr. Busy Body, every thing fills me with gall; do I read Dryden? I fret for hours; do I peruse Peter Pindar? I cry, oh that I had the pen

pen of this *ready writer*! Pope's harmony tantalizes me, yet I own the justness of his reproof:

"Aspiring to be gods if angels fell,

"Aspiring to be angels men rebell.

Young's energy makes me unaccountably sad, and Thompson's simplicity bereaves me of my senses; thus have I, day after day, wished to be an orator, an author, and an actor. I always behold illuminations with a gloomy countenance, because I am not the occasion of them; when the guns go off for joy, my heart leaps with vexation; and the ringing of bells delights me not; I envy the people that have carriages, when I walk, and the owners of fine habitations, their happiness: oh! when I think how they are courted and caress'd by their
uncovered

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uncovered dependants, flattered in dedications, and surrounded with sycophants, whose sweet adulatory words are smooth as oil, greedy ambition and galling envy seize me! in short, Mr. Busy Body, I am one of those unhappy mortals that grudge every body every thing, and am envied by nobody.

Yours, &c.

GREEDY COVETOUS.

Mr. Busy Body,

There are a set of young men in London, that are, in my humble opinion, a disgrace to society; I mean those *walking gentlemen*, who have neither professions nor fortunes to support their arrogant consequence; while single, they are remarkable for running into debt, and
lounging

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lounging in coffee-houses; by the assumption of titles, such as *captain*, &c. they form acquaintances; for how can the unsuspecting imagine that all their dependence is on gambling and effrontery? *Red* is a favourite dress, because in their own phrase, it cuts a figure, and commands respect; these *walking gentlemen*, when married, live wholly on the earnings of their wives; for which reason, their choice is always prudential, and they are chiefly *adresses*, because of their weekly salaries, that are prefer'd; thus supported, they strut about with additional consequence, and when offended, demand a GENTLEMAN'S satisfaction, tho' they themselves are the most apt to give offence. I wish, Mr. Busy Body, for the sake of society, you would

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would expose all those despicable characters that come under this description.

I remain, Sir,

Yours, H

INDEX.

To the Busy Body.

Sir,

There are a number of unhappy females, not only in London, but about its vicinities, who, tho' they meet with universal censure, are more deserving our commiseration: I mean those unfortunate wretches, who not having had resolution enough to avoid the temptations of our many gallants, that vainly think every triumph over virtue an addition to their petty grandness, being now a fashionable vice, are forthwith abandoned

to

to prostitution, and become dependent on the charity of our old and young amorosos. I have heard some unfeeling people say, there is bread for every mouth, if the hands will work for it; but I am sorry to say, by the fashions of the great, many of these poor people have been thus forced to sell themselves to sin, be the very scoff and detestation of the world, and assume gaiety when their hearts are most heavy; our titled ladies, to their shame be it said, prefer black servants of a foreign nation, to their own fair country women; and as the *less* great are always ready to follow their examples, thus, several of our waiting maids, &c. on account of the scarcity of places, become the prey of ruin and temptation; for as ladies will not keep them as servants, they are content to be

kept

kept by gentlemen, or in that way of life to keep themselves : a number of these unfortunate women, it is well known, have been bred to the millinery or haberdashery business; but men of late, monopolize these unmanly employments, and no doubt, as they have learn'd to sell caps, laces, hats, bonnets, &c. will in a few years be able to make them. Is it not a disgrace, Mr. Busy Body, to see so many of our own sex dangling behind the counters of haberdashers shops, showing for sale a diversity of laces, or twirling on their hands a lady's cap? did they know themselves, Mr. Busy Body, they must be ashamed of their effeminate employ; but whose fault is it? certainly our high-bred ladies, who are more ready, notwithstanding the impropriety of the matter, to encourage
men

men than women on these occasions ; for one of their own sex, twenty of ours attend them ; men dress their hair, men measure their feet for shoes, men sit on their stays or bodice, and this too in private, for their ladyships would not for the world, that even the man-millener should enter while the stay-maker is with her ; and why ? because she knows it is indecorous and unseemly ; the interims pass away in the attendance of their black servants, who provide their mistresses with paint, pins, and all the necessary appendages to female accoutrement ; to complete every thing, the man-millener, who has been trotting through the streets with a band-box under his arm, now displays the finery of a new made cap.

When

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When these observations are maturely weigh'd, it can be deem'd no wonder that so many females, excluded their own employments, are forced to put up with a miserable subsistence; to wander thro' the streets at lonely hours, and bear with all the insults which the unfeeling throw upon them; no wonder, indeed, that vice hardens their hearts, and makes them still more vicious: I do not mean to excuse their blasphemy, nor weaknesses. I know, when once a woman forfeits her honor, she throws off the best garb that ever she wore, and not all the sattins and laces she afterwards assumes, will render her so pleasing. To withstand the temptations of the world, is both meritorious and laudable; it wins even the admiration of the tempter, and tho' the storm of adversity beats hard,

“ God

“ God will temper the wind to the shorn
“ lamb.”

As ladies of fashion thus encourage those *half males*, who with unmanly spirit, usurp the professions of our poor females, (I do not mean that women should make shoes, the work being robust, nor stays for the same reason, but that shoe and stay-makers should be obliged to keep female attendants to wait upon, and measure the ladies of fashion,) I would not be amazed if women conspired, and in like manner usurped the employments of men; nor, indeed, do I think it unlikely; for I have already seen a woman in a butchers stall, raising the hatchet with a masculine arm, and dis-jointing the bones of a beast, a business I thought as unfit for her, as millenery
and

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and haberdashery for a man. I wish to heaven I could make an alteration in the fashions of the great, and prevail upon ladies to be ladies in decorum, and thought; for well I know it would be the means of reclaiming many unhappy females, who have been ruined thro' necessity, and preventing others from meeting the same fate.

I am, Sir,

Yours,

PHILANTHROPOS.

SATURDAY,

SATURDAY, FEB. 26th, 1787, N^o. XXV.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all!

TMOMPSON.

WERE there ever such unaccountable, stupidity, and obstinate infatuation as displayed in the following letter.

To the Busy Body.

Oh dear Sir!

Norwithstanding what you, and all other *larned* folks may say, I will insist upon it, there are such things as *Ghostesses* and apparitions; there is only one *larned* man, Mr. *Shickspur*, that is of my opinion; he you see has brought *ghostesses* into many of his plays, and if there

there were no such thing, I know Mr. *Shickspur* would not have wrote it; you may run down old women as much as you will, and call us all superstitious fools, but I know what is what as well as you, and other *schollards* too.

You must know that last Tuesday night,—and by the same token I dreamt the night before, that I was at the marriage of my sister, which is a sure sign of a death Mr. Busy Body,—that about eleven o'clock,—ghosts never walk out after twelve,—I heard a most hideous noise: *knock! knock! knock!* it went; then *scratch! scratch! scratch!*—oh, heaven! you would not have given a crooked pin for my life; the sweat, (with your leave, sir,) ran down my face in spoonfuls; I listened; then I *hard* it

again, and again, and again; I was so frightened I did not know what to do; at last, *says* I to myself, I will creep out as softly as I can, and call up Master Thomas; now Master Thomas is the son of my old master, Mr. Thomas; I did as I said, and sure enough the noise returned; the young man *heard* it as plain as myself; he thought it was robbers; tho' it is easy enough to distinguish the noise of the living from the dead, for the last, Mr. Busy Body, is solemn, and very hard: but I did not care to *discourage* him, though my young master was as much *afraid* as I, and took out his naked sword; we marched down stairs; I held the skirt of his coat, for I knew very well as he was before me, sir, that he would see the ghost, and then I could not; two at a time can't see a spirit,

rit; that all the world knows. Well, the noise was as hard as before; he open'd the parlour-door, for if you gave me the world for it, I could not: oh, Lord! how violent the noise was now! I held down my head, I could not look at it, I was so frightened; "get out of that," says my master with a solemn voice, and hop! hop! hop! it went! it rushed by me, and my young master says, (though God forgive him for laughing when the matter was so serious,)—he says it was the most ill-looking woman he ever saw, dressed in a shroud, and the noise which she made was with her feet when she was walking about; this, I hope will convince you of the reality of *ghostesses*; more *terrible* creatures never *existed*! I did not close my eyes for the night, and next morning when I came down, there *was*

a saucer, a China bason, and a jug, all in twenty pieces; this was the most *strangest* thing I ever *saw* in all my life, except a black spot that I perceived on my arm one Wednesday morning about seven o'clock, which I knew to be the mark of a dead man, it was so very black and blue! I am very much *afaird* that something will be the matter; not a night of my life but I see a *winding sheet* in the candle, aye, as regular as the evening comes; then fir, there were no less than three *coffins* flew out of the fire last night in the course of half an hour; certainly there is something *over* me: I broke a little *looking glass* some days ago; it was not the *loss*, but the *luck* of it that distressed me; heighho! very often I think by these *scratchings* and *knockings* there was some murder committed in the
house

house: I wish to heaven my master would have the yard dug up and examined; I think there ought to be *SARCH warrants* on these occasions; my master laughs at me when I tell him so, but sure as this is Friday noon, (and a very *unlucky* day too) he will have cause to remember the words of poor

MARGARET PALEFACE.

Before I make any comments upon this ridiculous superstition, I will beg leave to add another correspondents letter, which will sufficiently account for all these wonderful *knockings* and *scratchings*.

To the Busy Body.

Faith, Mr. Busy Body, I have a good joke to tell you; my life on it; your

readers will split their sides when they read it; you must know there is an old woman, who on account of her oeconomy, my father, being a widower, keeps in his house to take care of it: she is one of those *knowing* creatures that tell fortunes with *tea grounds*, and give the explanations of *moles*, &c. It is my chief study morning, noon and night, to vex and frighten this old woman; for the accomplishment of the former, I spill the salt, dig a knife in the loaf, and sometimes by way of variety steal a *neckbone* that she keeps in her pocket to *conjure* away the *cramp*. To frighten her is no arduous task; sometimes I write droll things on the wall with Phosphorus, other times I fasten a secret string to the bell, which I unite with two or three more, and when all the family but ourselves are abroad, I
come

come down, sit with the old woman, tell her a most wicked plausible story about an infernal spirit, how he visited the house, disturbed every thing in it, and thus proceeding, pull the string, and set all the bells in the house ringing: up I bounce, run about, and she after me, clapping her hands! But the best joke of all is, last night between the hours of eleven and twelve, she appeared before my bedside as white as the *ghostesses* she is always describing to me: to be sure I heard a noise, and between you and me, Mr. Busy Body, suspected a burglary. I prepared for an attack: she was behind me, but as the God of fun would have it, did not attempt to look: I soon perceived the cause of all this disturbance, and it was with the utmost difficulty indeed, suppressed my laughter.

L 4.

You

You must know, Mr. Busy Body, there had been some milk left in a jug on the table, the neck of which being long and narrow, prevented the cat from reaching to it; Tabby, however, (being very thirsty I suppose) was resolved to have it, and thrusting her head into this long taper machine, which was a very strong one, could neither drink the milk with any satisfaction, nor get her head out of it again! thus proceeded the dreadful knocking; during which some things were broken, and poor puffy with the jug, beat the ground all about in a terrible passion; at last, passing by us, and making her way down stairs, the jug, which I believe was cracked before, fell into pieces; by which means grimalkin was released, and had a free access to the desired draught; the broken fragments,

fragments, occasioned by this fracas, confirmed the old woman's fears; they have corroborated all that I have told her about ghosts and spirits: this terrible *knocking* she says, is proof pos. that the house is haunted, and she verily believes that some one was murdered in it.

I am, yours,

J. T.

The character of J. T. has been already described in my first number, so that further comments would be only repetitions, but I cannot help saying, that superstitious people like this old woman, are of all God's creatures the most silly, (asses not excepted.) The few senses which they *do* enjoy, make their folly the more unpardonable, yet two of these we may say, they daily abuse,—*bearing*

L 5

and

and *seeing*; when they pretend to hear impossible noises, and see impossible things; this folly, as I have already remarked in a former number, proceeds from a corrupt education, and heaven help the poor infants who are entrusted to the care of these superstitious creatures; some choose to term it weakness not superstition, as the latter more commonly implies a false devotion; but whence proceed false devotions? surely from *false conceptions*; and what can be more grossly impious and absurd, than to imagine the souls of men, when their bodies are deposited in the silent mansions of the dead, have no happier refuges than old houses and castles, to *scratch* the walls, and *knock* against the doors? The merry inclined would be apt to wish them better employ and entertainment, and

and recommend the Romish custom of cutting their *nails*, for fear they may scratch too much; but the subject is too serious to dwell upon thus.

As the old woman has harped so much upon Shakespear's introduction of ghosts, I shall take the liberty, if she will hear reason, to explain them to her.

The ghosts in Macbeth and Richard, are to show the dire effects of a guilty conscience; it is "the bloody business" thus informs to their eyes;" indeed I cannot see why Banquo's Ghost need *appear* to the audience: on the first representations of *Venice preserv- ed*, the ghosts of Pierre and Jaffier were wont to rise; but now, and it is more natural acting, Belvidera in her raving,

L 6

supposes.

supposes them before her; why then should not Macbeth suppose Banquo's spirit before his eyes, as well as the air drawn dagger? those in Richard with more propriety appear, because they not only speak, but it is representing in the best manner to the audience, the horrid dreams which the guilty King is supposed to have. I am very sure it is thus many of our old fools have seen spirits—in their sleep.

The ghost of Hamlet is introduced for a very contrary reason; “Blood will have blood,” and as figuratively speaking, “the very *stones*” tell of a murder, so figuratively acting, the ghost of a murdered King informs his son of the guilt, and calls for vengeance; my poor old woman correspondent says no spirit ever appears

appears to more than one; but Shakespear, of whom she speaks so much, has here made the son and friends see the ghost at the same time; there is a beauty in this that has escaped many; seldom is a murder committed but a detection soon follows, and there are evidences sufficient to confirm it; few homicides have escaped the scrutiny of justice, and when the murders have slept awhile, they themselves have generally courted the knife of destruction as their due; the conscience of a wicked man will be always his own persecutor. Surely, if Mrs. Paleface had one ounce of common understanding, she will now perceive her late folly, and by this discovery of the cat and jug, attribute whatever noise she hears to something *living*, and not *dead*.

There

There are many weaknesſes beſides this, equally reprehensible: ſome old women imagine that when they equivocate, they don't tell lies: ſo, when one ſteals a ſilver ſpoon, and gives it another, the receiver ſwears ſhe did not *ſteal* it, and the other declares ſhe *has* it not; thus they are acquitted, and think themſelves perfectly innocent; but without any heſitation, I aſſure them, they are both *lyars* and *thieves*. “ Truth is not to be ſpoken at all times,” is a falſe proverb; it never did harm; were it not for truth, “ none would be paid or hang'd for murder;” ſeveral miſdeeds would be dormant, and truth, when once ſlighted, be wholly aboliſhed. It is, I ſuppoſe, from this proverb, the common apology of *not at home* originated; but tho' ladies and gentlemen mean no harm

in.

In denying themselves, perhaps are necessitated to do it, to avoid the unwelcome visits of duns, yet, as thereby they teach their servants to tell lies, they are certainly in error: I think were *indisposed*, or *not to be seen at present*, in the room of *not at home*, it would answer the purpose much better.

Another weakness, "which the best have felt," is jealousy, proceeding from one or both of two very strong passions, love, and honor; the latter is more predominant, and often excites this bane to happiness, tho' the object of that jealousy never was *belov'd*; this failing is as common among the first class, as the fear of ghosts, &c. among the low. I cannot help remarking with Otway,

"Suspicion is at best a coward's virtue,"

For

For it betrays a narrow heart indeed, to mistrust without the most positive demonstration, either our superiors, equals or inferiors. When jealousy enters the chamber of Hymen, what happiness can be expected? the once blissful hours of social harmony are thereby rendered most discordant and unhappy.

The impression which dreams, "fick
"fancy's busy children," make on weak
minds, is seriously ridiculous; formerly
indeed, the prophets were thus visited
by angels, and received the commands
of heaven; but since the coming of Mes-
siah, all miracles have ceased. Our
dreams are now the bare agitations of
the mind; the thoughts of the day
generally recorded at night; and tho'
some idle fools have remarked that such
and

and such dreams are *always* attended with evil or good consequences, I flatter myself they will *sometimes* find their predictions erroneous; to anticipate calamity, must certainly render our lives doubly miserable; the best have real concerns enough; but thus to fret and be unhappy for meer visionary griefs, "tales told by idiots," must make us wretches for ever, seeing that the more we think upon dreams, the oftener we will dream—it certainly manifests a depravity, not only in education, but religion too.

Tho' the inexcusable weakness of Mrs. Paleface may induce many to pride themselves on an exemption from such folly, yet the best of us have some mental failings; the man of quality, the man of

of fashion, the man of business, and the man of breeding have all their share; the man of quality is weak enough to imagine his quality privileges him to all haughtiness, and over-bearing behaviour: indeed, when surrounded with so many time-serving people, no wonder he forgets himself, and treats the world like his sycophantic train; the honest tradesman must wait in the hall till his Grace pleases to recollect him, and when he does, he expects all that adoration from him, which dignity he thinks is entitled to; the man of fashion has been already remarked for his absurdities, let us then pass him over as a very weak person; the man of business is perhaps the best of these characters, tho' a dependant upon industry; notwithstanding which, he has his failings like other men; we have already remarked *puffers*, and pompous *advertisers*,

advertizers, and tho' these methods may answer the purpose of getting money, they are weaknesses in the extreme, and can only impose upon weak persons, such as Mrs. Paleface; busy as the quack may seem, he cannot be termed a man of business, but a needy adventurer, who by pretending to cure people, without seeing them, the gout with pills, &c. depends on the weaknesses of minds for a mean livelihood; every man of business should advertize in a proper manner, to make himself known, but when with long names, great promises, &c. he endeavours to outdo all, 'tis two to one but he *out* does himself. I was not a little entertained once with the advertisement of an undertaker, who when he had expatiated largely on the superior quality of his coffins, &c. *hoped to have the custom of all*
his

his friends. The man of breeding, very often mistakes the bad for good breeding: taste is so very different now, and modern politeness almost rudeness; the pedant is a man of breeding on account of his unnecessary circumlocution, while the affected coxcomb too, absolutely thinks himself one, for the nihility of his manners, and common brevity of petty refinement; this taste is the more prevalent, for every ape of a man now minces his words, and affects all the false elegance of meer effeminacy; modern politeness, which I deem rudeness, is to press our acquaintance to eat and drink against their inclinations, and very often give them *the lie*; “Another bit my dear mem;” “Excuse me, I have made a very hearty dinner?” “Oh not at all indeed,” &c. Honour as well as polite-

THE BUSY BODY. 417

politeness is corrupted too; to fight and commit murder rather than forgive, is now a days more *honorable*; for what is duelling else? tho' fashion approve the custom, yet in the vocabulary of religion it is *murder*. The man of common breeding is to be able to dance well, dress well, bow well, fence well, *box* well, be very modest or very impudent; but the man of generosity, feeling, sense, and manly decorum, is in my humble opinion the man of real good breeding. The compliments, promises, apologies, &c. of polite modern gentlemen are exceedingly fulsome; were one of them now in the situation of the Busy Body, his readers would, no doubt, have twenty reasons, by way of apologies, for bidding farewell, but I will only give one story attended with one reason, by way of excuse, and then conclude.

The

THE BUSY BODY.

The first sermon that a young reverend preached, was upon the following text, and comprised in the following words; “*Be ye therefore perfect* ;” “I have two things to submit to your consideration brethren; first, to be perfect is to be good, and secondly, to be good is to be happy. Be ye therefore perfect that you may be happy in heaven ;” the young clergyman continued this short discourse two or three Sundays; at last he was rebuked both for the brevity and repetitions of it; “Sir, (says he) a few words are easier remembered than a great many, and till I see that this discourse has in some measure perfected my flock, I do not mean to give another ;” like this wise pastor, I now inform my readers, that in this little work are twenty five essays, the produce of

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of two months, which can be read in a shorter time than *fifty*; till I see they are carefully perused, I do not mean to resume my pen.

FINIS.

6. MA 50

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